

Maclean's



Canada's Weekly News

April 23, 2001 www.macleans.ca \$4.50

LAUNCHING
CANADA'S NEW
HAND IN SPACE

BRIDGET JONES
ON SCREEN

Northern SON

PAUL OKALIK

beat booze and brushes with the law to become premier of Nunavut. His story embodies the myth of new beginnings—but two years on the job have left him wrestling with harsh realities.

BY JOHN GEDDES

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Editor

Too many wrongs to make a right

Of all the qualities with which a politician would like to be imbued, being underestimated surely ranks near the top. Jean Charest has made a career of exceeding low expectations, and makes no bones about saying so. After he first came to office in 1993, all he had to achieve to win favourable reviews whenever he left the country was *not* say or do anything really silly in the company of other leaders. Since he's a much smarter guy than he even now is given credit for, he easily managed that. Similarly, if you add up the Liberal legislative accomplishments under him, they don't amount to much—but the PM's three majority governments in a row speak for themselves. Charest's old boss, Pierre Trudeau, never achieved that—and he had such a reputation for brilliance that every time he spoke he was expected to say something profound. If you set the bar that high, inevitably people become disappointed.

But for proof that too much of anything is a bad thing, consider Stedwell Day. There's all the difference between straddling a low bar, as the PM does, or simply descending to that level by your own performance, as Day has done too

often since taking office. In the midst of the so-called Sharvington controversies, and the damage that's been done to the PM's self-declared reputation as a straight shooter, it's hard to see how any opposition politician could reach up. But that's precisely what the Alliance leader did with his mean suggestion that a Quebec Superior Court judge who authorized an RCMP search related to Sharvington was "in an obvious conflict" in doing so. This drew a stinging rebuke from Quebec's chief justice—and, more importantly in political terms, turned negative criticism away from the PM and onto himself.

It's just the latest gaffe by the Alliance leader—and that shouldn't bring joy to anyone other than the most relentlessly partisan Liberals. At a time when Western alienation has become an entrenched fact of life—as much as the Quebec sovereignty movement—the person best placed to give voice to those concerns suffers from diminished credibility. This lessens the effectiveness of the entire House of Commons, which should be the best place to address such issues. When it isn't, the debate takes place in a vacuum, and that's not good

for anybody. And as we've seen for too many times, the Liberals follow a sort of mathematical equation in their approach to politics: their arrogant increases in direct proportion to the weakness of their foes.

But while it's too bad that the Alliance and the United Right movements are in such shambles, no one should feel too sorry for the key players. Day is in trouble because he routinely went out of his depth when unexpected issues arose, and basic competence is the first criterion by which a leader should be judged. And even though almost every smaller, conservative recognition the need to unite under one banner to be successful, habits, long-standing prejudices, resentments and blistering block them from doing it. In the midst of all those wrongs, no wonder it's so hard to make an effective right.

Andy Vukich

response@mcclenon.ca or to comment on
From the Editor

Newsroom Notes
Call of the North

Ottawa Bureau Chief John Geddis first visited Nunavut just before the first anniversary was officially established on April 1, 1999. For that week's cover story, he went north again earlier this month to report on Nunavut's premier, Paul Okalik, and the challenges facing his government. Two years ago, Geddis says, there was a new-giddy



A remote trip for Geddis

optimism in the air pending Nunavut's birth. People's preoccupations were happy ones, such as speculating on the secret work of Inuit artists who were then carving the ceremonial mace for the new legislature (it turned out to be a strikingly decorated narwhal tusk).

Now, Geddis notes, reality has set in. "No, every Inuit was not given a high-

paying job in the new regime," he says. "And, of course, the deeply rooted problems of unemployment, suicide and alcoholism remain." But not everything is discouraging. And where change is evident, it often comes with a distinctly northern twist. At a school gym, Geddis says, he listened to a teenage rock band. Part of the lineup was standard-shredding bass, distorted electric guitar. The percussion, though, consisted of a handheld skin drum of the sort traditional Inuit dancers use—the old converging with the new.



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CHRYSLER

'Terrific' teens

Thank you for your uplifting and encouraging article on our teenagers today ("The kids are all right," *Covers*, April 9). How reassuring to discover that the majority of teens are leading busy, productive lives in today's stressful world. We are the parents of four wonderful children, three of whom are now young adults. They are awesome kids and we thank God for them every day. We have never felt burdened by them, only blessed by their diverse personalities and talents. They are terrific people.

Tom and Susan Johnson, Port Huron, MI

As a 37-year-old, I have seen and heard of adults who have done some gruesome things in their lives, and yet it has never led me to make the assumption that all adults are irresponsible human beings. I'm grateful for this article on teenagers because it gives adults an insight into the real minds of teens. I hope that after having read this article, adults will realize that we are not as horrible as they perceive us to be. I hope they also realize that in their time, they, too, have made mistakes. It's all part of growing up and figuring things out for ourselves.

Brian Elmholt, Montreal, QC

Letters to the Editor

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I was flabbergasted to read "The kids are all right." I am a volunteer at a youth drop-in called The Den in Mississauga. Run by Christian staff and volunteers, the Den's intent is to stop the flow of teens from Mississauga in to downtown Toronto. From our perspective, the kids are definitely not all right. Any given day as many as 200 teens will pass through our doors. These kids are lonely, scared, angry, frightened and confused. Of course, these are words that can describe the feelings of any teenager. However,

the difference is our kids are so lonely it hurts, so scared to go home or to school that they can't function or enjoy at what the world has dumped on them that they will either hurt themselves or someone else; so frightened that they jump into situations they can't handle. Like sex, drugs and street gangs, or worse, slide into total black-spiriting apathy. Many of them have such a stack of problems to begin with that we can't expect them to plan beyond today. So while we're delighted you found happy, well-adjusted kids to feature in your story, please give our kids equal consideration.

Marianne Thibault, Mississauga, Ont.

While it is nice to see that your magazine is interested in what teens have to say about sexual interests, I don't believe you interviewed the right people ("Not so hot or not"). Had the interviews taken place in Quebec, the outcome might have swung another way. For the most part, kids in Quebec are just as aware of their looks and what others think of them, but they are different because of the culture of Quebec. French-Canadian kids don't have the sexual hang-up of English-Canadians, especially those living outside of Quebec. I

How scary?

Maclean's appears concerned in its efforts to contain the main organ of the Liberal party. Our highest elected official has engaged in activities that clearly pointed to a conflict of interest, yet you treat that serious affair like a drama critic giving only passing mention to an outline of the plot based in the middle of the article ("A former director," *Canada*, April 9). No mention is made of the government's disastrous behaviour in the House of Commons on both this issue and MP Holy Fy's like accusations of racism in B.C. We have a Prime Minister who goes doing rounds of attending the funeral of the king of Jordan, but blames it on the air force. We have a PM who put a choke-hold on an innocent speaker and blames it on security. We have a PM who announces us with his ignorance of foreign affairs when he travels abroad. This is an extremely shallow man whose contamination in office is scary to me and most workers.

Freeman Maxwell, Calgary

live with a French-Canadian woman, and she sees nothing wrong with the fact that her daughter had sex at the ripe young age of 16.

Paul Ackermann, Leno, Que.

No sympathy

I tried as hard as I could, but I simply could not bring myself to feel sorry for any convict living their lives in prison ("Growing old inside," *Special Report*, April 9). Some are there because they did absolutely horrible things, and if life in prison means life in a tiny cell, maybe they should have thought about breaking the law before they committed their crimes.

Canadiana Elitica, Salmon Arm, B.C.

Who told you that "for most people, old age is a prison"? Because I'm still eight weeks short of my 70th birthday, you may not think that I qualify as a spokesman for the old age, but let me

Registered Retirement Savings Plan

by Bill

FINAN

Let's me remind you that, if you are an employee, a self-employed person, a partner with a professional or semi-professional designation to indicate your services then employment is acceptable. As applicable, upon meeting an age when you plan to retire, make special! enough income sources to continue live as it is a new career that involves a high degree of responsibility. The retirement is most as of employment, occupation or a profession followed by an absence of money into the workforce. In planning for retirement, it is important to ensure that the required income stream is in place which would allow an individual to rely upon the advantages of the designated retirement plan. Regular contributions to a Registered Retirement Savings Plan (RRSP) while working on income are more than that is an income stream in place to provide for your retirement.

An RRSP is an investment vehicle which is registered with the Canada Customs and Revenue Agency which effectively acts as a tax shelter for the income you are paying by saving, permitting that income to grow and the new material from investing your income is not taxed by the government when you receive the contribution and proceeds of the investment, as opposed to being taxed on the income during the year in which it was earned. There are limits placed on the amount of your income which may be contributed to an RRSP in any one year. A personal injury which results in an individual being temporarily displaced from being able to earn an income can include but is not limited to the following: any harm or damage to the health of a person, whether caused by accident, illness or otherwise, and may include the operation of an existing injury for example a pre-existing injury to your hand.

Investments which may be qualified for an RRSP include but are not limited to the following: savings accounts (GICs), Canada Savings Bonds, term deposits, shares of Canadian companies and of some foreign companies if they are listed on a recognized Canadian stock exchange, mutual funds that invest in eligible securities. Canadian residents and governments bonds and certain types of mortgages. As long as you are a resident in Canada and you pay Canadian income taxes, you will be able to invest in an RRSP in your own name until the end of the calendar year in which you turn 69. Individuals may belong in a pension plan or a company plan, or in association with but not limited to an organization, union or their place of work. In the event in which an individual belongs to a pension plan, or any, may in fact have what the allowable

April 9, 1995

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Edited by Sharda Desai
with Amy Cameron



Mischievous muse

Desai Lee loves meeting the parents who read his *Alligator Pie* to their children. Many of them were kids themselves when it was first released in 1974. "And I still see the same reactions," says Lee. "A sense of mischief. A sense of nostalgia." Twenty-seven years later, with over a million copies sold, Lee's books of poetry and rhymes for children is being reissued in a children's edition in time for World Book Day on April 23—organized here by The Writers' Union of Canada. "I knew I had to try and write now from the adult sense of what children would like or should like," says Lee, who spent nine years writing *Alligator Pie*. "But by reaching inside myself for the kid that I may still be floating around." On Canada Book Day, the 61-year-old author will read some of his stories to a group of Toronto schoolchildren. For Lee, the chance to be a part of a larger celebration of books across the country is, simply put, "infy."

A.C.

Oh captain, my foreign captain

It's for Canada? Not necessarily. Of the six Canadian-themed NHL teams, only one is captained by a Canadian.



VANCOUVER CANUCKS, Markus Näslund
Sweden, **SHL**



CALGARY FLAMES, Daini Levey
Slovenia, **DEL**



EDMONTON OILERS, Doug Weight
Finland, **NHL**



ST. LOUIS BLUES, Mike Santer
Germany, **DEL**



MONTREAL CANADIENS, Saku Koivu
Finland, **NHL**



TORONTO MAPLE LEAFS, Daniel Alfredsson
Sweden, **NHL**

Over and Under Achievers

Spies, lies and alibis

Stock Agents 86? Even better 99! And more reviews. Bernard plays Jacques! Doherty revisits Bernard's role! Nick's Hockey Night in Upper Canada.

★ **Stacked Deck:** Stars in most improbable spy caper since *Get Smart*. Time to lower the cause of silence.

★ **Zero Contact:** Alliance spinmaster was supposed to keep Stock out of trouble. Could he be a KND's double agent?

★ **Bernard Laidley:** Quebec province blames retired professor *Laidley* for PQ by-election defeat. A data act of the same race seen since Jacques Parizeau left office.

★ **George W. Bush:** Like Ronald Reagan bringing the Iran hostage home, Doherty sees a yellow ribbon around his foreign-policy credibility by getting U.S. aviators out of China.

★ **Berry Neale:** *Hockey Night in Canada* commentators call Ottawa fans to "take a bite" out of his posterior if they think he preys on the Leafs.

★ **Don Cherry:** Says he is to blame, not Harty, if Senators fans think *HWC* is biased against them. Does that make Don the shop's diplomat?

John Gorkin



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Home of yokes and yuks

"Why into Alberta funny?" was a lighthearted question handed about earlier this month at a Toronto benefit for *Harvard College comedy program*. An Evening with Funny Canadians. The panel consisted mostly of comedians from Ontario, like Mike Myers and Dave Foley, with the exception of Colin Mackie from Vancouver and Ron Jones from Halifax. At a couple of points during the night, host Ralph Boncompagni questioned Alberta's comic contributions—taking full advantage of its lack of representation on stage. Sit there are many funny westerners who could have answered that question. Mackie's has compiled a partial list:



Jack Macle: From record-store snob to *High Fidelity* to Neil Diamond, Macle is a Hollywood's comedic cliché de jour.



Tommy Cheez: Think his career went up in smoke after breaking with stealer partner Cheez Mark? Cheez met this Edmonton native as Gabe's The '70s Show as second-best photo-bat manager Lee.



Michael Fox: This TV show legend from Edmonton got early levels of laughter in two LBSB Bicks Tare Wolf and Best in the Future.



Eric McGuckack: This Toronto-born, Calgary-based actor played with the big boys at Stratford before co-starring with gay guys on *MTV & Glee*.



Bruce McCulloch: His collapse-hum character as The Akin in the *Hit* and his turn as Carl Remond in the *Watergate* spoof *Dick* make it easier to forgive this Edmonton native for directing *Dog Park* and *Superman*.

Shawnie Beaul



Can this man say "pride first?"

New cowboy in town

Calgary lawyer Baj Chahal is no stranger to topics casual. At 34, Chahal has already sold for more than two decades as that lawyer of course, an Alberta Liberal. Chahal first volunteered for the party at age 9 to work on his father's (unsuccessful) campaign for a seat in the Alberta legislature. He served two terms as president of the Alberta Young Liberals, and last fall, ran the federal Liberal election campaign in Alberta—the party was only two of 36 won. But this week, Chahal faces what would seem his most daunting challenge yet. He is taking up a newly created special policy adviser position with the Prime Minister's Office in Ottawa. His role? To explain that co-existence known as western Canadians as Jean Chretien's inner circle, which is dominated by central Canadians.

As it turns out, Chahal and his career matters may already be ringing from the westward look. Chahal told *Maclean's* that he does not believe in western alienation. "It just isn't a word," he said. Westerners, he added, "sometimes have high expectations, but we also have to remember that government is about compromising and nation-building. You can't always have it focused on a particular region." It doesn't get much more Liberal than that.

Debra Bergeson

Word Watch

Ottawa—not really beautiful?

P are the City of Ottawa, New York is the Big Apple. How we have Ottawa—"Technically Bep Apple?" That's how the nation's capital will come to be known internationally if the Ottawa Economic Development Corp. has its way. The slogan—the-

an after a \$200,000 branding exercise that included surveys of technology and tourism executives—will be used in promoting the city abroad. Michael Deneb, president of the development corporation, says the motto is meant to encapsulate the notion of Ottawa as both a high-tech centre and a beautiful place to visit. But does it do the trick?

Well...no, says word master Katherine Barber, editor-in-chief of the authoritative *Oxford Dic-*

tionary, because the words technically and beautiful do not go together naturally. Mocking "Bep Apple" with the word "Technically" leaves the impression that something is going wrong. In this case, the city is beautiful but there may be something else, wrong with it. "It's a terrible motto," says Barber. And Ottawans seem to agree. The CBC's local radio station received scores of calls about the slogan, all opposed. "Technically beautiful

but not really," mocked one caller. Deneb said he was aware of the possible negative connotation, but decided to go ahead with it anyway. "The catchphrase itself is not going to sell the city," he said, adding that it's just the introduction to a more comprehensive pitch. And that is much more than can be summed up in a two-word catchphrase, technically speaking.

Julian Hollander

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Maclean's

WHAT MATTERS TO CANADIANS



Overture

PASSAGES

Worn: Carla Colleen

Jones captured the women's gold medal at the world championships in Lausanne, Switzerland. After finishing fifth at two previous world championships—Geneva in 1982 and Saint John, N.B., in 1999—Jones and her Nova Scotia rink celebrated a 5-1 victory over Sweden. The 41-year-old skip, who is also a full-time-based sports and weather reporter for CBC, said the win was "something I've wanted to do forever."



Died: As part of a radio show that amused Britons for 11 years, Sir Harry Secombe was among the early characters on the BBC's *The Goon Show*—which also starred Peter Sellers. The Welsh entertainer was well known too for his role as Mr. Bumble in the 1968 film *Olive!* "He will be profoundly missed by all those people who appreciate wit and unrelentless humor," said devoted fan Prince Charles. Secombe, 79, died of prostate cancer at a hospital in southern England.

Appointed: Hosen after resigning as governor of Massachusetts, Paul Cellucci was sworn in as the new U.S. ambassador to Canada, replacing Democratic Gordon Giffin. Cellucci's nomination was fast-tracked by President George W. Bush and then confirmed unanimously by the Senate. Cellucci moves to Ottawa with his wife, Jan, and two daughters. His first order of business in Canada will be the Summit of the Americas conference in Quebec City this week.

Acknowledged: After announcing several false dates for their marriage, Tom Green and Drew Barrymore revealed that they eloped almost a month ago. Ottawa-native Green, 28, and Barrymore, 23, got engaged in July after co-starring in the film *Cherish*. Angels

led in Montreal. Clement began producing some of the best-known films made in Canada, including *Eye of the Beholder* with Ewan McGregor and Ashley Judd and *Fire Memory* with Marlon Brando. Clement also made the 1990 film about secular physician Nonna Bethune, called *Believe: The Making of a Hero*, starring Donald Sutherland. Clement, 58, died of a heart attack.

Purchased: Though most of her time is spent in the United States, rock star Alanis Morissette recently bought a \$575,000 apartment in her home town of Ottawa. The singer, known for her *Jagged Little Pill* album, which sold 26 million copies worldwide, is currently renovating the 11th-floor apartment, located off Sussex Drive with a view of the Ottawa River.

Awarded: Dr. Henry Frieden of Winnipeg received the 2001 Gardiner Foundation Wightman Award for his leadership in Canadian medical research. The Toronto-based foundation, which recognizes international achievement in medical science, acknowledged Frieden's work in establishing a new research agency, the Canadian Institute of Health Research. Frieden, who began his career in cardiology research, is currently the chair of Geriatric Canada.

Died: During a career that spanned 20 years, Pittsburgh Pirates slugger Willie Stargell hit 475 homers and powered his team to two World Series titles. "When you had [him] on your team, it was like having a diamond ring on your finger," said Chuck Turner, Stargell's manager from 1977 to 1982. Nicknamed Pop, the 6-foot-4, 225-lb Stargell was inducted into baseball's Hall of Fame in 1988. After battling kidney disease, Stargell died at 61 in a North Carolina hospital.

Hired: Matthew Johnson, the former executive assistant to Canadian Alliance MP Roblin Joffe, is now co-chair of the British Columbia Marijuana Party election campaign. Johnson resigned from Joffe's staff after it was discovered that he impersonated the MP during a national radio interview on March 17.



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Overture The Week That Was

THE SPY-PLANE STANDOFF ENDS

George Bush and every man of the Chinese blinked and 24 U.S. airmen and women got to go home. So ended the 11-day standoff over the American spy plane that was forced to land in China after it was damaged in a radar collision with

a Chinese F-8. The Chinese insisted on a full American apology and admission of responsibility before releasing the plane's crew. In the end, they agreed for a carefully worded letter from the U.S. envoy saying the United States was "very sorry" for the death of the Chinese pilot. But after the crew's release, the planes came off, with Bush saying, "China's decision to prevent the return of our crew for 11 days is unacceptable."

FIFTEEN DAYS AT SEA IN A CARGO CONTAINER

CANADIAN IMMIGRATION officials are looking for another wave of illegal immigrants landing on the West Coast after 36 Asian migrants—six women and 30 men—were found aboard a cargo ship docked in Vancouver. The migrants were discovered in two containers on the Panamanian-registered RV *Ferry River* after the ship's crew reported hearing noises, including laughter. The migrants, who had been in the containers for 15 days, were in good health and still had supplies of water and canned food. But they were living in

ing in hostile conditions: the air was fetid from urine and excrement that had spilled from small buckets they were using as toilets.

The ship, which left Beijing on March 26 and had stopped in South Korea, was destined for Long Beach, Calif., where it is believed some of the illegals were headed. While it is not known how much the migrants paid to be smuggled in North America, those who have previously arrived in Canada are known to have paid between \$47,000 and \$54,000 for their passage.

with the land of rebellion we have both and we wish to have." Beijing, meanwhile, claimed a moral victory in the testimony of the *mandalo*.

Sergeant Pepper to Quebec

High Stewart is going to Quebec City. The RCMP sergeant, who became famous after he doused dozens of protesters with pepper spray at the 1997 APOLC summit in Vancouver, will once again be starting down protest routes this time at the April 20 to 22 Summit of the Americas. After the 1997 incident, Stewart earned the nickname Sergeant Pepper. Will there be a follow-up performance?



The sergeant

Maclean's to spin off

Ted Rogers, president and CEO of Rogers Communications Inc., said the company might spin off all or part of its media division, which includes *Atlewood*, *Channel* and *The Shopping Channel* among its array of publishing, broadcast and Internet properties. Company officials said they

OFF THE RAILS: A Via train bound from Halifax to Montreal with 125 people aboard derailed in Nova Scotia in a derailed at least 24 people, who rode a switch track was severely derailed, derailed the train with property damage, endangering life, and were investigating two others.

were concerned that continuing limits on foreign ownership of media firms would restrict their access to foreign capital for Rogers' dominant cable and cellphone operations.

Fault without guilt

The death was ruled a homicide—but no one is likely to be charged. Last week, amid public outrage, a coroner's inquest brought down that verdict in the 1997 death of five-week-old Jordan Hekamp. The infant died of starvation while he and his mother, Renee, were in the care of the Catholic Children's Aid Society. The inquest jury faulted Hekamp and aid-society workers. But a preliminary 1999 court hearing into the baby's death had dismissed criminal charges against Hekamp and Angie Martin, Jordan's social worker, for lack of evidence. That means neither can be charged again.

Cops admit aiding crooks

Two Montreal police officers pleaded guilty to selling police information to criminal gangs. Sgt.-Det. Alain Desrosiers lost his job and received a conditional sentence—no jail time—of two years minus a day for allowing secret police documents to former partner Claude Aubin, who sold the information. Aubin was sentenced to two years in jail.

Black anger in Cincinnati

In scenes reminiscent of the 1960s race riots that plagued the United States,



After three nights of violent protests, Cincinnati's finest march over a tense situation.

Cincinnati police, some on horseback, clashed with the city's black community. The clash erupted after a police officer shot and killed an unarmed black teenager, 19-year-old Timothy Thomas, on April 7. City police have killed 15 blacks since 1993, including four since November. After three nights of violent protests—more than 60 people were injured—Mayor Charles Luken declared a state of emergency.

An analysis of stock analysts

People who analyze stocks for a living should disclose whether they or their first hold companies the companies they report on, according to recommendations by Paddy Crawford, former CEO of conglomerate Inco Ltd. Crawford, whose committee was set up by the Toronto Stock Exchange and other industry associations, and disclosure was the best way to deal with inevitable conflicts of interest. Those included

pressure for positive reports from within a brokerage that is underwriting a particular stock issue.

Breaced for a deluge

The City of Winnipeg began delivering 64,000 sandbags to 35 low-lying homes last week as a precautionary measure against flooding of the Red River. The project followed fears that the river, swollen by melting snow, might rise to levels reaching those reached in 1997 when 27,000 Manitobans were forced from their homes.

Quebec helps Nasdaq

Quebec unveiled \$35 million worth of measures designed to boost both the fledgling Montreal-based Nasdaq Canada stock market and the Montreal Exchange, which handles derivatives. Provincial government officials said they are determined to foster a role for Montreal as a strong financial center.

SOPHIE'S CHOICE WORDS

My, my, what these royals don't get up to behind closed doors. Even the so-called progressive ones. Like Sophie, Countess of Wessex, the twelfth wife of the Queen's youngest son, Edward the TV producer. The 36-year-old countess helped every last word as chairwoman of the company she had co-founded, RJM Public Relations, after the tabloid *News of the World* leaked a conversation he had surreptitiously taped between her and a reporter posing as an Arab businessman. After the lavishly staged operation—also it over champagne in a swanky hotel—the *News* offered to solve the

story if Sophie agreed to talk about her royal sex life. So she did, up to a point (the *News* head-line, "Sophie: My Edward is not gay"). But when a rival tabloid leaked elements of what she had supposedly told the visiting "tabloid," the *News* stepped in with the full story and the royal fiddle-dee-dee hit the fan.

Taken in context, the countess's observations are startlingly candid. Prime Minister Tony Blair acts "pre-identical," the late Diana, Princess of Wales, was not always the epitome of sweet innocence; Charles and girlfriend Camilla Parker



My Edward is not gay

Bowles are probably Britain's most unpopular couple. But the countess breaks the unwritten rule that royals should not be named and not named, and more, suggested Sophie may be trading on her name and insider gossip to carry business. An unnamed Queen Elizabeth II aide to her daughter-in-law's defense, while some courtiers suggested that new would not be seen enough for a well-publicized pregnancy. Given today's tabloid ferocity, though, someone in line to demand a DNA test.



Barbara Amiel

The secret of success

The new game in town is "How to Reinvigorate *Maclean's*." The players are aging "journalists" talking about how the magazine was quite wonderful in their youth and could be again. All newly appointed Editor Anthony Wilson-Smith has to do is recognize their inability. On close inspection—well, not that close, since they don't say anything very substantive—this means Editor Terry should make the magazine more, um, Canadian. Let's reflect on Canada and the way Canadians feel about themselves.

Can you hear it? A belly-burp purr as parochialism makes any magazine not only irrelevant, but puts it out of business. The only thing that can ever make a magazine work is good writing, good layout and exciting stories about the world as we live. One hopes that Wilson-Smith has got a lot of swelling war in his ears and is relying on his own solid instincts. But one of his first reactions is not encouraging: we are to have a new feature in which Canadians read in their own perspective so we can all be in touch with one another's lives. My experience tells me that once writing well enough for other people to want to read you is a professional skill, all this will get us at best is 52 mediocre articles—

and 52 new readers and their families.

Thirty years ago, Canada was going through a period of self-discovery and this magazine readily coincided with the emotional and intellectual climate of the country. That moment is long dry passed. Terry-Edwards, Peter C. Newman need the magazine and tried to change the magazine, but it never recognized that special fit. The problem is not unique to *Maclean's*. All publications face the need to change with the times. Suggestive and you do. Publications that succeed in reinventing themselves are not bound by old preoccupations, are not trying to recognize past glories. They take a cool and intelligent look at the world in which they are operating and answer the reader's needs, for both information and entertainment.

Considered understood, deep in their hearts, whatever they profess in their speech, that this is a rather dull country. This is not an altogether bad thing. Canada is a beautiful country where a lot of decent people want to live but don't want to rely on it for their intellectual and artistic nourishment. That's why the government has imposed Canadian content regulations. This doesn't mean that there aren't any interesting Canadian stories or good Canadian storytellers. But marking the great Canadian identity is not a healthy organizing principle for a commercial magazine.

Currently, *Maclean's* appears to have a core constituency of readers whose value system was shaped in the crucible of the

late '60s and early '70s. Like the journalists now offering Wilson-Smith advice, they are stuck in that time warp. Those values, which include anti-Americanism, anti-big business and a risky egalitarianism, made no sense then—and make even less sense today. Such readers are characterized by many things, but essentially they are clinging to the 60-plus age group because less appealing to advertising, and the *Maclean's* could go on catering to this vaguely leftist reader who thinks Canada superior to the entire world, but that world can get the magazine a single new reader.

Actually, my 25-year presence in *Maclean's* has really been a taken lesson for this core readership to hate. In George Orwell's novel 1984, the hate figure was Emmanuel Goldstein. I've always felt sympathy for him when reading how his "Jewish face" was flashed up on the screen by Big Brother for

the mandatory "Two Minutes Hate."

That's how I feel reading letters-to-the-editor about my columns. The new young readers that *Maclean's* needs to attract are, as far as I can tell, not monolithic in idea. They may include some "lefties" or "righties," but are overwhelmingly non-ideological. They want a set of values and interests as anchors for their lives. They want opinions and information. They want a genuine window on the existing world—not the world as

ideologues imagine it to be or would like it to be.

One problem *Maclean's* has had is that it does much the same thing as American newsmagazines, but often less well and later. Take a *Maclean's* new big in investigation of sexual harassment in the Canadian Forces. That sort of thing was less of local magazine awards but genuine late reader excitement. Canadians are unlikely to read about sexual harassment and rape in their own army in *Newsweek* or *Time*, but their magazines certainly covered the problem in the U.S. military. By the time it was big stuff there, readers had probably seen at least one American cover story, a couple of TV shows and several court cases.

A really good editor is an impresario for his writers. He creates a setting and stage for them. Some writers break rules like Mark Steyn, who is published in newspapers around the world as a tough no-pain *Maclean's* editor would tolerate. Sometimes the writers are old faces in new places. Robert Fulford, recently ousted himself when he left one Canadian newspaper to work for another. They may be completely new voices like Barbara Bokor at the *National Post* or Leah MacLaren at *The Globe and Mail*. Finding their voices and knowing how best to display them is an editor's strength. If Wilson-Smith is to renew *Maclean's*, he has to change plot, scenery and some cast. And stand firm during his Two Minutes Hate.

Young readers want a genuine window on the existing world—not the world as ideologists imagine it to be

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NORTHERN SON

COVER

By John Geddes in Igloolik

From the air, Canada's smallest, newest capital isn't much to look at: a cluster of houses and utilitarian commercial buildings

scattered up the snow-covered, treeless slopes rising from Koojassa Inlet on Baffin Island's Frobisher Bay. But a visitor finds the airport bustling. Igloolik has enjoyed a mini-boom in the two years since Nunavut was created. The road into town is busy with new pickups, four-wheel drives

and plenty of time (a flat rate of \$4.50 to go anywhere in town). Snowmobiles crisscrossing the community on hand-packed snow paths create a second order of traffic. But rivers glide over everything. Checking in at the recently spruced-up Regency Frobisher Inn, an outsider might think this is no different from a business hotel in, say, Regina or Fredericton.

Then, an Inuit man strolls through the lobby carrying a two-meter narwhal tusk in one hand to nonchalantly use as a briefcase.

This is Paul Okalik's home base, a place whose images uniquely fit northern Inuit: a casually agitated mannequin from the south. But Okalik's first premise, like just about everyone else here, doesn't seem to notice. One afternoon early this month, he pulled his blue Toyota RAV4 up to the front door of the local library for the launch of his government's newly revamped Web site. Photo ops don't get much better for a politician anxious to look current. As he stepped into the building surrounded by his crew, Okalik, 36, never even looked back to note a snowmobile roaring past, pulling a heavy wooden sled that, only a short generation ago, would have been powered by dog teams. Not that the dogs themselves are history: just across the road from the library, a smiling Okalik double-clicked the ceremonial first hit on the upgraded snowmobile or, at one, two Inuit kids in parkas played with bulky puppets in the snow.

This sort of juxtaposition is more than picturesque local novelty. In a sense, the melting—and sometimes clashing—of the traditional and the modern is the core problem of governing Nunavut. That intersection of old and new is often seen as a competition between things Inuit and qajaqsut, as non-Inuit are called in Inuktitut. The question of race is sensitive but unavoidable in any honest appraisal of Nunavut politics. Certain disputes are symbolic. Okalik's government has been taken to task by some critics for refusing to grant a housing lottery, on

safety grounds, to an Inuit middle-classer who wanted to try to kill a polar bear with a spear. Other issues are more substantial. Some Inuit leaders outside government criticize plans to open a French school in Igloolik before one where Inuktitut would be the sole language of instruction. Okalik admits tensions exist, but says they are far from his main preoccupation. "I'm not concerned," he says. "I represent Inuit and non-Inuit. Overall, I think we're very positive about being able to work with everybody."

That Okalik sees himself as a bridge between his people and those who have come north to share Nunavut is remarkable. His own experience could easily have made him a more distant politician. At 17, Okalik went through an all-too-common rite of passage for troubled Inuit teenagers: he was thrown in jail. Okalik was drinking heavily, got kicked out of school, and then was caught trying to break into a post office to steal liquor. The three-month sentence he was given might have marked the start of a dissolute life. Okalik remembers other kids growing up in the isolated Inuit community of Pangnirtung on Baffin Island—classmates he says showed much more promise than he did—whose potential was lost to alcohol and unemployment. "They could have gone a lot farther," he says. "But they found other ways of living their lives that were a little bit easier."

The harder path Okalik followed has carried him far from the boredom, confusion and everyday tragedy that blights so many small northern communities. In his 20s, he carved out a role as a key spokesman of the historic land-claims settlement that led to Nunavut's creation. He then studied and pursued higher education. In 1999, at 34, he became the first Inuit lawyer in Canada's eastern Arctic (Inuit is the singular form of Inuit). A few weeks after being called to the bar, he surprised academic political rivals in being chosen the new territory's first premier by a vote of its inaugural legislative assembly.

It's an uplifting story that was repeated often in the hopeful days that surrounded the dawn of Nunavut. For arctic communities to be the enduring essence of Canada's Arctic, the negotiation to mix tales of Nunavut and its young premier together was inevitable. If the new jurisdiction carved out of the Northwest Territories was seen as a fresh start for a huge swath of a troubled region, then Okalik's personal triumph was read as a possible start for new futures were possible.

There's something about the North that compels outsiders to



Paul Okalik has wrestled personal demons to the ground. Now, two years into his job as premier of Nunavut, he is struggling with the troubles of Canada's newest territory

he melding—and sometimes clashing—of traditional and modern is the core problem of governing Nunavut

apport almost everything that happens in the region into the culture of Inuit. But looked at more dispassionately, the story of Nunavut's formation might be summed up as a long grind of negotiations over spiraling details of money and mineral rights, in which Qitluk appears as a character of less than mythic stature. A slight, soft-spoken man, he looks a little like a bureaucrat, though leading a government that, inevitably, sometimes fails to satisfy the overblown expectations stoked by Nunavut's creation.

Of first, these expectations related to the issue of how quickly Inuit people would emerge as true masters of their territory. Qitluk senses that he owes a public government, not an experiment in aboriginal self-rule—but his administration is hardly blind to efficiency. He was put on the defensive recently when a report from his human resources ministry revealed that out of 2,789 jobs filled so far in the territory's



Qitluk claims the territorial government takes too narrow a view of the abilities of its own people

new public service, 43 per cent had gone to Inuit residents. That falls short of the stated goal prior to the establishment of Nunavut: 50 per cent. And the government's performance on its own front hiring targets can only get more contentious. Inuit make up about 85 per cent of Nunavut's population of about 28,000, and the government's long-term aim is to see that proportion reflected in its payroll. "We would love to get to 85 per cent," Qitluk says. "But at the same time, we need qualified people to provide the level of service that our people have come to expect, in training, law, teaching. So we have created special education programs to try to target those areas."

His critics are unwilling to wait years for a cadre of young Inuit professionals to be trained. One of those is Paul Quassa, president of Nunavut Tunngavik Inc.—the powerful Inuit corporation set up to collect and spend the \$1.5-billion land-claim settlement from Ottawa that was part of the same deal that established the new territory. He says the Nunavut government takes too narrow a view of the abilities of its own people. "This government thinks that when you talk about education, you're talking about the higher Canadian society's way of interpreting education," Quassa complains. "In our territory, that interpretation has to change." He argues that underling Inuit-speakers' elders argued in traditional knowledge should be considered for jobs now reserved for college- and university-educated applicants.

But Quassa goes well short of accusing Qitluk of being personally disrespectful of Inuit culture. "At times, the bureaucracy tends to run the politicians," he says, when asked about the source of the problem. The two men have worked too closely for too long to fall into easy public feuding. Quassa, now 49, was chief negotiator for the regional Inuit in land-claims talks with

Ottawa from 1985 to the achievement of a final deal in 1992. Qitluk was his deputy that whole time, joining the negotiating team when he was 20 years old. Quassa says that they complemented each other. "I'm a bit older," Quassa notes. "I was born in an Inuit, and he was born in a community. We used that. We respected each other and we understood both perspectives."

Those two perspectives represent the fundamental dividing line in recent Inuit history. Most Inuit over 40 were born in housing camps. But in the 1950s and '60s, they were encouraged by Ottawa—and sometimes coopted—to send in young communities as federal schools and health services were introduced. Qitluk represents the first wave of Inuit leaders not born into an essentially nomadic way of life. His hometown of Pangnirtung, which now has a population of more than 1,200, got its first teachers in 1956 and a federal administrative post in 1962. When Qitluk was a

boy, his father worked in the town as a warm-truck driver.

Still, older ways and the landscape still loom large in Qitluk's memories. Pangnirtung, perched on one of the desolate flocks of Cumberland Sound's deeply serrated coastline, with the imposing 2,200-m peaks of the rugged Cumberland Peninsula as a backdrop, livesy summer. Qitluk, the youngest of seven children, went to a tent camp about 60 km from Pangnirtung, where his extended family congregated to hunt. He loved those days. He was just eight years old when he brought down his first caribou with a rifle. "Part of our tradition is to hold a feast in honour of a boy's first big game kill," he says. "That's one of my best memories of growing up."

But by the time he reached adolescence, things were going wrong. He struggled in school. "It was hard," he says. "Both my parents didn't speak English, so they couldn't relate to what we and my siblings were going through." When he was 14, his 19-year-old brother, Norman, contracted suicide. Norman was unable to trouble with the police and Qitluk blames his death at least partly on the inadequacy of the justice system. He thought things would be different if he was a lawyer



NUNAVUT BY NUMBERS

Area: 1.16 million square kilometres (less than 1% of Canada's 9.97 million square kilometres)
Population: 24,790 (16% of Canada's 157,000,000)
Ethnic breakdown: Inuit 20,100, non-Inuit 4,690
Official languages: English, French, Inuktitut



In Inuit, Nunavut's capital, Inuit live in traditional houses, but the modern city is a mix of traditional and modern architecture

"My brother was raised very harshly. It was very hard on my family, and on me personally. I felt that we could do better than that," he says. "In Grade 9, when the teacher asked what we would like to do, I said, 'I would be nice to be a lawyer.' But I just didn't have the confidence. You never see an Inuit lawyer."

After landing in jail at 17, Qitluk went to work as a welder at the Nunavik mine at the north end of Baffin Island. The job bored him. But he followed news of the growing momentum behind negotiations for an Inuit land-claim settlement with the federal government with keen interest. When the Joint Task Force of Canada, the organization pushing for the settlement, advertised a research position on the negotiating team, he talked his way into the job. "Watching the whole process involved in the negotiations at close range, his dream of studying law was rekindled. 'In that job,' he says, 'I worked with a lot of lawyers, and I thought, I may be brighter than some—maybe I can do it.'"

Not while he was still drinking, however. In 1991, Qitluk signed himself into an alcohol treatment centre. He credits that program and the influence of his grandmother in Pangnirtung, where he started while trying to get sober, with changing his life. That year, he enrolled in political science and Canadian studies at Carleton University in Ottawa, where he

already had moved to be close to the offices of federal officials during the first period of land-claim negotiations. He graduated with a bachelor's degree in 1993, and earned law school at the University of Ottawa several months later. "It wasn't easy financially. Sometimes I would get food handouts," he says of his university experience, then adds with a chuckle, "I just paid off my student loan last year."

Money problems aside, he looks back on those days fondly. "I was the only Inuit, but there was a good mix of different cultures at both Carleton and the University of Ottawa," he still travels to Ottawa regularly in his work as premier, and also to visit his two children, who live there with their mother. She is of mixed Ojibwa and white descent, and has never been married to Qitluk. He does not like to discuss his personal life publicly, and gives few details. Their children, a nine-year-old daughter and seven-year-old son, came to Nunavut for the traditional Inuit games at Christmas, and in the summer for vacation in Pangnirtung.

Qitluk can seem a somewhat solitary figure around Inuit. Earlier this month, he showed up alone at a three-day anniversary feast held as part of a spring festival. He had up close hundreds of others in the high-school cafeteria, as down as the first empty plastic chair he saw, and chatted quietly while he sat with the young Inuit men who happened to share the table. Then he stood for a while on the fringe of the square

dance that followed, before heading out the night. By the time he left, teenagers who had drifted out, away from the music, were standing around the school's main entrance smoking in the cold. These snowmobiles were sweeping around on the hillside overlooking the town, their headlights beaming in the darkness.

But Qitluk's lack of a typical politician's charisma and his generally low-key demeanour may be deceiving. Quassa describes his one-time deputy as "a very sharp man, a little bit haughty but that's his prerogative." And Qitluk, Akooluk,

WHAT NUNAVUT COSTS CANADA

The 1992 land-claim deal: \$1.5 billion in federal compensation paid out between 1989 and 2007, plus direct land ownership of 165,642 square kilometres, including mineral rights to 35,257 square kilometres.
Annual federal transfer payments: \$267 million, or \$21,222 per person in Nunavut, a further \$23 million over five years under the Canada Health and Social Transfer, starting in 2001-2002.

BIRTH OF A TERRITORY

1978: Inuit present the proposal to Ottawa to create Nunavut out of the Northwest Territories and negotiations for a land-claim agreement and territory begin in earnest.
April, 1982: Most Northwest Territories residents vote for an election in a plebiscite.
November, 1982: The federal government conditionally agrees to the creation of Nunavut.
September, 1992: Inuit and federal negotiators reach a final land-claim agreement.
June, 1993: Ottawa bill to create the new territory, the Nunavut Act, receives royal assent.
April, 1999: Nunavut officially joins the confederation on the third territory.

Nunavut's minister of sustainable development, says the premier has "got a tough side once you get into a cabinet meeting." Okalik's steel shows when he's proud on the amount of money Nunavut costs the Canadian taxpayer—\$997 million this year, or about \$23,622 per person. "All that I wish is that we be treated like Canadians," he says, bristling. Okalik argues that the costs of air travel to provide services to tiny, far-flung communities make running the territory inherently more expensive than any other part of Canada. Not everyone buys that. "Nunavut right now has the appearance of a sinkhole," says Walter Robinson, federal director of the Canadian Inuit Association. "It's a waste of taxpayer money, to fund this separate government."

Far from backing off in the face of charges that the current cost is too high, Okalik's government is pressing Ottawa to boost transfers. The premier complains that the lack of road or rail access to the outside world undermines efforts to expand promising industries like mining and tourism. And without development to alleviate crushing unemployment—28 per cent among Inuit, according to 1999 statistics—social problems will be hard to beat. Among the many symptoms of a wounded society: the rate of sexually transmitted disease runs at 15 times the national average, while tuberculosis has recently flared up again at a rate unheard of in most of Canada.

Okalik knows Nunavut's problems are well as anyone. He has, after all, lived the worst of them. Yet despite the inner fire evident in his diatribes up from that, he denies that any burning ambition drives him. "I would see myself campaigning in politics for a little while," he says with a shrug. "I can't say how long. It's really up to the people of Nunavut." Just two years into his five-year mandate, it's too early to judge if Okalik is making real progress against the territory's deep-seated problems. Starts from now, when the time comes to turn up his cuffs, the old cliché of the northern yam would demand the roots and rather with triumph in the face of hard adversity, or crushing defeat. But in the pragmatic spirit of contemporary Inuit, maybe just keeping old and new in balance, and getting Nunavut off to a credible start on a credible note, has been enough.

FASHION, INUIT-STYLE

Nunavut craftswomen are working to turn their traditional skills sewing sealskins into a commercial furrier industry

Escape Kikluuk sits in a busy workshop in Igloolik weaving blue-dyed strands of sealskin into a piece of black mesh. It's typical of the latest styles from the fashion runways of Nunavut: fur that's coloured, woven, shaved—used in ways that hardly suggest Arctic traditions. "We can do anything," she says, "not only Inuit-style."

Yet for Kikluuk, 56, and the seven other

ways to make jackets and vests that can be worn with the leather or sewn on the outside.

In Nunavut, sealskin coats and kamiks, the traditional Inuit boots, are as common as leotards and slacks. But the size of the Nunavut government is to take the craft to a more advanced level. Larry Simpson, senior adviser for fisheries and sealing in the territory's department of sustainable development, says a few years ago seal hunting was on the wane. Then in 1995, the Northwest Territories began supporting the harvest by buying sealskins from Inuit hunters for \$30 each, a program the Nunavut government kept up after it was created in 1999. Now, about 300 hunters provide up to 7,000 skins a year, which the territorial government sells at one of the fur industry's major auctions in North Bay, Ont., every December. In the latest auction, demand for seal was brisk, Simpson says, with good skins selling for about \$40 each.

But the Nunavut government's goal is to do more than export skins for others to turn into clothes. The workshops are intended to develop the sort of commercial furrier skills capable of supplying a demanding market outside the North. As well, Simpson is spearheading a strategy for creating a profile for Nunavut in the fashion industry as a source of distinctive seal coats and accessories. Last spring, for the first time, the territorial government took a Nunavut Inuit collection to the runway at Montreal's North American Fur and Fashion Exposition, complete with Inuit models. A new Nunavut line of eight distinctive coats will be back at the big annual fur fashion showcase on May 6. It's all very exciting for the women at Moslener's workshop, but Simpson admits it is, so far, a long way from a commercially viable industry.

"It's more wrapped up with pride in Nunavut's identity," he says. A pride that can be expressed, it seems, as easily through the season's trendy reversible vest as it can through a timeless pair of snug kamiks.

J.G.



Point of pride: fur garments from Nunavut, with fashion influence courtesy of Montreal seal Inuit

Inuit women in the government-sponsored class in advanced fur fashion techniques, much of the motivation is pride in their heritage. Just a few years ago, an international backlash against seal hunting seemed likely to permanently eliminate all but the local Arctic market for sealskins. But now, thanks in part to a general easing of anti-fur sentiment, optimism reigns.

The man in charge of the workshop is Montreal furrier Inge Moslener. He's been coming to the Eastern Arctic since 1977 to teach modern methods to women who learned to sew sealskins by hand at their mothers' knees. But he is careful not to suggest that he is distilling to these proud craftswomen "the just try and keep them aware of trends." This year, reversible garments are in vogue, so Moslener is showing them

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A DAY WITH A SPY

FIRST, HE WAS AN anonymous former U.S. secret agent, allegedly hired by the Canadian Alliance to dig up dirt on the Liberals. Then, in subsequent media reports, he became "James," edging closer to the limelight. Finally, James Leigh stepped out, allowing himself to be photographed in shadowy profile, telling a story of a life of international intrigue and a tale of involvement with the Alliance that party members are feverishly trying to dismiss. Last week, *Maclean's* World Editor Tom Fennell met with the enigmatic figure at the centre of Stockwell Day's latest storm. Fennell's report:

JAMES LEIGH is a man in search of a friend. "I just want someone to bring me in," he says, his hand trembling slightly as he lights up yet another du Maurier. "I have a lot to offer." To prove his point, Leigh, 43, a former American secret agent, issues a plain brown paper envelope onto the table in a restaurant in London, Ont., where he has agreed to meet with *Maclean's*. Inside are two Revenue Canada documents marked "top secret" that, he says, contain the names of senior executives in a cigarette manufacturing company who allegedly conspired to smuggle tobacco into Canada. "I can get a lot more of these documents for the right person," he says, pulling his blue sweater over the flask spilling from the top of his crumpled neck pants. "That's what I do—I find real things."

It was a talent that two Alliance party MPs, Myron Thompson and Daniel Stinson, admired. After meeting with Leigh in Ottawa and in his London home, the MPs, representing the party, offered to pay him \$4,500 a month to dig up dirt on the Liberals. The agreement, according to Leigh, a handsome bear of a man who stands six feet, three inches tall and weighs 280 lb., was audacious by Alliance leader Stockwell Day. But when news of the deal broke last week, Day, Thompson and Stinson turned on Leigh. After first admitting he met with the agents, Day then claimed he was mistaken and the meeting never took place. And Stinson and Thompson and Leigh was never hired. Leigh, though, says he met with Day and his evidence the Alliance may yet regret. "I have a tape recording," he says, waving his fork for emphasis above a plate of pasta. Stinson and I had a contract. I asked, was it with him? And he said, 'No, with the Alliance.'"

The spy at the centre of the latest controversy to hit the

Alliance grew up in Montreal, where he says he spent most of his childhood in foster homes. Although his story is difficult to confirm, Leigh says he headed west at the age of 18 to work in the oilfields of Alberta. He eventually made his way to Australia, where he was recruited into the U.S. intelligence service, eventually working for a number of governments, including the CIA. He has since gone undercover in 65 countries, he claims. "I can get in anywhere," says Leigh, as one of his bodyguards points him to the toilet and orders a coffee. "I'm a chameleon."

At least some of Leigh's activities can be documented. He first came to the attention of the Alliance because of his involvement last year with the U.S. department of justice in a major investigation into people-smuggling in the Detroit-Windsor area. Leigh travelled to China's Fujian province, where he infiltrated a gang smuggling Chinese illegal into North America. As part of the sting, he introduced the smugglers to undercover immigration officers in Detroit who agreed to help move Chinese illegal into the United States through Canada. After identifying the smugglers' contacts, U.S. and Canadian agents arrested some 14 people. And last December, a U.S. district court judge ruled that because Leigh's life would be in danger, he did not have to reveal his identity in court.



And up with life on the edge. Leigh, who is married to a Korean woman and has two young children, wanted to settle down. He purchased a modest home in London, which he decorated with souvenir trinkets his trips around the world. Among his prize possessions: a large collection of fossils and a

DEEP AND DEEPER

Suckered? Day just won't seem to stop digging once he gets himself in a hole. In January, the embarrassment of having to settle a defamation suit, at a cost of \$702,004 to Alliance taxpayers, was made worse by his inability to graciously apologize. The pattern repeated itself just last week when the Alliance leader himself neither chooses to show off his crisis-management skills. Confronted with a newspaper story saying he had reproved hitting an undercover operative to "get the goods" on the Liberal government, Day admitted he had not. "That particular individual," he said, said the meeting never happened—and to blame the messenger who sold the newspaper had confused him. "He's becoming a regular on *60 Minutes* and *The News Hour* 22 Minutes, which is not a good thing," says Tory House leader Peter Mackay.

Then, instead of getting white he was behind, Day reached for an even larger target. Trying to deflect attention from his flip-flop, he went on the offensive, accusing Justice Minister Jean Charest of the Superior Court of an "obvious conflict." Charest had issued an order allowing the release of documents that might be related to the *Newsweek* scandal involving Prime Minister Jean Chrétien. As a former partner of the law firm that represents the Grand-Maison Golf Club at the centre of the controversy, Day said, the judge should have recused himself. The Canadian Bar Association promptly censured Day for his "ill-considered attack." Former chief justice As-

pin Lamer advised "reining" Alliance MPs to "take a crash course in constitutional law." It was one Doonbo the money for some in the Alliance. "I don't know if it's Day or his advisors," says Barry Cooper, a University of Calgary political science professor and Alliance supporter, "but they come across as total incompetents." Others just want to get back on track. Some Alliance members hear Day is disgruntled and would prefer to dump him, but they acknowledge there's no clear mechanism for doing so.

More appealing for others toward the dump-Day crowd is the hope that recent overtures toward co-operation with the Conservatives will lead to a full merger. That, in turn, would trigger a leadership convention. "There's no way Day could win that one," said one Alliance insider. But with each Day misstep, the pressure comes on Terry Leeder Joe Clark to get any deal. "The more Day and the Alliance split and slide," notes Mackay, "the more Tories are asking themselves if they want to be associated with that." Last week, in fact, the seven-member Alliance executive in the Quebec riding of Charlevoix defeated the Tories. It was "a bad week," admits Alliance strategist Tim Powers. But, then he adds, "This too will pass and we'll get back to being an effective Opposition." Unless, of course, Day keeps on digging.

Julian Beltrami in Ottawa

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#A050

Canada

**'It's hard to be just another schmuck after
you've lived a life like mine,' Leigh says**

shock-coated right skull. He soon became known for the red Ferrari he loved to pilot around the sleepy southwest Ontario city. But the agent, who says he even managed to penetrate Communist North Korea on two occasions, quickly grew restless. "To ease the boredom, he was soon telling journalists about his collection of secret documents and his desire to work with reporters on difficult stories. "It's hard," he says, lighting up another cigarette, "to be just another schmuck after you've lived a life like mine."

As Leigh continues to boast about his prowess as a spy, he orders one of his bodyguards to drive by his house and check on his wife. Leigh is deeply worried because he believes Chinese gangs are out to kill him over his involvement in the human-smuggling bust. And because the publicity over the Alliance affair has revealed his location, he has been forced out of his house and into hiding in a London hotel.

Those concerns are temporarily put aside when his BlackBerry wireless e-mail device alerts him to yet more messages, which have been pouring in. They include messages from producers at 60 Minutes, the CBS newsmagazine, and lawyers and journalists from across the country. "Everyone wants a piece of me," he laments, adjusting the blue ball cap covering his balding head. "But nobody wants to give me anything. They just want to waste me."

On this day, Leigh's only allies seem to be his intimidating bodyguards, some belonging to a motorcycle gang. Newspaper articles have been critical of his contacts with the gangs. But Leigh makes no apologies. "I understand them," he says. "I had a childhood just like theirs. But I made it and they respect me for it." He rewards their loyalty. And late, outside, he goes to a white Porsche he has given to one of the bodyguards. "I have money," he mutters, climbing into his green Mercedes-Benz, bragging that the Porsche is just one of a string of sports cars he has owned. He is, he adds, about to take de-

livery of another exotic sports car. "I'm not buying," he says, "but what I really want is for someone to hire me."

Journalists are also among Leigh's close friends, and he floods them information and even the occasional top-secret document. But for a price. "If you want these papers," he says, writing the Revenue Canada documents in the car, "then you had better give me something back, like a job." He is again interrupted by the BlackBerry, alerting him to another e-mail from a journalist. "I wanted to work in the media," he says, scrolling through the message. "Not with the Alliance."

Thompson and Straton had good reason to believe the former agent could deliver the goods. Last September, he leaked an RCMP document, code-named Sidewinder, to Straton. It detailed the operations of Chinese gangs in Canada and was used in the House of Commons. And on the day newspaper articles broke revealing his alleged deal with the Alliance, Leigh says he was set to leave on his first assignment with video camera and recording equipment. His target, a hockey tournament in Kingston, Ont., between RCMP officers and Canadian Security Intelligence Service agents. The players, Leigh says, had travelled to Kingston at taxpayers' expense using his evidence, he told Maclean's. Alliance MPs intended to expose the abuse of government money. He then planned to travel out to Prince Minister Jean Charest's Showings, Que., riding to launch new information on the Grand-Mère affair.

The deal quickly unravelled under the glare of publicity, leaving Leigh bitter. "Straton and Thompson are burning me," he said. "We had a deal." He is particularly angered that Day flip-flopped, claiming he did not know Leigh. He says he has proof that he met Day, as his bodyguard quietly nods in agreement. "When I walk into a room, people notice me. They don't forget me," he says. "I will have not decided whether I will bring Day down." Then his brown eyes seem to mist up. "I just want a normal life." But the spy is the centre of the storm is finding it all but impossible to come in from the cold. ■

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DEATH OF A WARRIOR

By John DeMont

What did Anna Mae Pictou-Aquash think that moment in December, 1975, as she stood on a rise of land where the prairie meets the inhospitable Badlands of South Dakota? At what point did the mistle with absolute certainty that her short, turbulent life was about to end? Her daughters, Denise and Deborah Malmgren-Pictou, can merely speculate. They have heard that their mother—a Nova Scotia Mi'kmaq who rose rapidly through the ranks of the American Indian Movement in the 1970s—asked for a moment to say a final prayer. But her captors did not grant even that small mercy. They shot the 30-year-old activist in the back of the skull, coroner-style. They then left her body at the bottom of a steep ravine. "What I keep going back to is that she may have been able for some time," says Deborah, 35, a public officer now living in Enfield, N.S. "Was she cold, lonely and in pain? Or at the very end was she at peace with herself?"

Her daughters can only hope—even if such peace is a distant dream for them. They are the adult children of a woman who even today is immortalized in a cemetery for native artists in songs, books and films. A warhorse on the Pine Ridge reservation in South Dakota meets "Wounded Woman" (1975). But at the root of her mystique is a mystery: after 25 years, no charges have ever been laid in connection with her abduction, rape and execution. That's despite the efforts of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, police from two states and four grand-jury investigations. They are aspects—the same three aspects have cropped up repeatedly at news conferences in the United



■ In a March, 1973, standoff with authorities, members of the American Indian Movement occupied a church at Wounded Knee; Pictou-Aquash is here in a moment of repose (left)

States and Canada, as well as on the Internet. And new evidence has surfaced—and according to what her family has long maintained—suggesting that native rights movement members killed her because they believed she betrayed their cause. All that Paul McCabe of the FBI's Minneapolis division would say last week was that the bureau "intends to work closely with local law enforcement and the U.S. attorney's office on the case."

The life of the woman who grew up Anna Mae Pictou held as many twists as the investigation into her death. Her only life was on the dirt-poor Pictou Landing Mi'kmaq reserve near the New Brunswick Strait about 200 miles from Nova Scotia. Her bed was the floor of a house with no plumbing and electricity. In her teens, she went to Boston, where she married another Mi'kmaq from Nova Scotia, Jim Malmgren, held a good-paying auto-plant job and gave birth to Denise and Deborah before getting divorced. The daughters remember her as a loving mother and a fish-

ionable dresser. She enjoyed playing the guitar, signed up for a series of college courses, even learned to fence. They say it seemed almost inevitable for her to be swept up in the native rights movement that arose in the late 1960s and early 70s. She began teaching at native centers in the Boston area and travelling frequently to rallies in support of native American causes. "It wasn't your normal childhood," recalls Denise, now 36 and a mother of two, living in southern Ontario. She and her sister accompanied their mother to a Thanksgiving Day protest in 1970, when native Americans registered their objections to the traditional Euro-centric story of the first Thanksgiving. The girls also went on marches in Washington. "We loved it," says Denise. "I remember all the festivities. It seemed like such fun." Still, there was always a whiff of danger. The girls sometimes travelled under aliases. Denise once recalls glimpsing a cache of rifles in the trunk of her mother's car. But, "I never feared for her because she had such confidence and strength."

Those studies aided her well during the 71-day standoff at Wounded Knee. In 1973, supporters of the American Indian Movement took over the community, located on the Pine Ridge reservation, after the Oglala Sioux who lived there tried

and has spent the past decade on a crusade to bring her killers to justice. "I'm convinced that she was an informant. This was just a convenient excuse to have her killed."

When she was killed, Malmgren told his young daughter—Denise was then 8 and Deborah 7—only that their mother had died. "Fighting for their people." Neither did they know anything about the weird aftermath of her death: a first autopsy missed the bullet hole behind her ear—a coroner ruled she had died of exposure. Moreover, despite the fact local FBI agents knew Pictou-Aquash well from frequent interrogations, bureau officials ordered her hands cut off and sent to Washington for identification. She was buried in a pauper's grave the day before the FBI made the proper identification based on her fingerprints. Only when her body was exhumed did a coroner discover the bullet lodged in Pictou-Aquash's left shoulder.

Her girls were teenagers when they finally learned the whole murky story. But it was only three years ago that Denise and Deborah decided it was time to push for answers. The catalyst was an article in a Nova Scotia native newspaper by the victim's cousin, Pictou-Browncombe, a decorated Vietnam War veteran who has repeatedly said publicly that three former AIM people were on that ridge in South Dakota in 1975 when

Who killed Wounded Knee activist Anna Mae Pictou-Aquash in 1975?

and failed to impinch Richard Wilson, a new leftist character they opposed who was supported by the federal government. Anxious to be on the scene, Pictou-Aquash left her daughter with a sister in Boston, and with boyfriend Nagrochik Aquash, a Chippewa from Ontario when she later married, headed west. They ate swagged supplies to the AIM activist part law-enforcement officers and Wilson's rebel police.

The Wounded Knee standoff ended with two natives dead, several others wounded and the remainder under arrest. But the Pine Ridge reservation soon became the site of a civil war between AIM supporters and Wilson's FBI-backed tribal government. More than 60 native Americans died in the subsequent bloodshed. The FBI's covert campaign to infiltrate AIM and cast suspicion on its members proved equally destructive for the movement.

Paranoia swayed through the Pine Ridge reservation. Before long, suspicion began to swirl that Pictou-Aquash was a traitor. The debate arose to this day about whether she was an FBI snitch or a victim of the bureau's disinformation campaign. The FBI arrested her several times, then quickly released her while other AIM leaders stayed in custody. Her quick exit through the AIM ranks, moreover, had alienated some members who may have been willing to believe that the pretty, charismatic outsider from Canada was an informant. "She was very high up in the chain of command," says Robert Pictou-Browncombe, a cousin of Pictou-Aquash who lives in Arizona



■ "Not your normal childhood" for Deborah and Denise Malmgren-Pictou

the 32-caliber bullet ripped through Pictou-Aquash's skull. Denise and Deborah stood with Pictou-Browncombe at Parliament Hill in September, 1999, when he once again named the AIM men—one of whom, he said, now lives in Canada—and the daughters asked the Canadian government to help speed the prosecution process.

The case is far from dead. On Nov. 3, 1999, Russell Means, a prominent AIM official, told a news conference he believes AIM members killed Pictou-Aquash because they mistakenly believed she was an informant and had provided information on the killing of two FBI agents during a 1975 shootout. Pictou-Browncombe even holds out hope their charges may be laid this year.

But after 25 years, Pictou-Aquash's children have had enough of waiting. They plan to launch a class-action suit in the United States against members of the FBI and the Bureau of Indian Affairs, as well as members of AIM and anyone else who, according to Deborah, "was involved in the mishandling of our mother's investigation or responsible for her death." They don't have the money for a drawn-out legal battle, so they hope to find a lawyer willing to work for a contingency fee. "We are doing it for her, so her dignity can be returned and her legacy put to rest," says Deborah. "But we also want to be able to tell our children what happened here." That, at least, is something—even if they will never know what their mother thought as she stood in the frigid winter air, waiting for her executioners to pull the trigger. ■



Washington Andrew Phillips

Dead man talking

*I am the master of my fate
I am the captain of my soul*

If all goes as planned, and he keeps his promise, three words from the 19th-century poem "Invictus" will be the last that Timothy McVeigh speaks on earth. On May 16, McVeigh is to become the last customer of the sparkling new execution chamber at the federal penitentiary in Terre Haute, Ind. They'll strap him to a gurney, inject him with lethal chemicals, and watch as he gasps, fills one nostril and stops breathing. The whole thing will be over in five minutes or so.

Few will argue many will cheer. McVeigh, of course, is the perpetrator of the worst mass murder in American history: the bombing of the Alfred P. Murrah Federal Building in Oklahoma City on April 19, 1995, an attack 30 years ago this week. The body count was 168 (including 15 children under the age of six), 22 more than the United States lost in the entire Vietnam War. Sure, you'd think, nothing that McVeigh could do or say could make him more hated. Amazingly, though, he has managed exactly that.

In interviews with the author of *American Terrorist: Timothy McVeigh and the Oklahoma City Bombing*, a new book appearing just an hour for the massive buildup to McVeigh's final act, he admits for the first time that he would not only pardon the infamous Ryder truck in front of the Murrah building and let it go to explode. He makes it utterly clear that he waited until just after 9 a.m. so the building would be crowded and the number of victims as great as possible. He demands the children killed in the building-day-care center as "collateral damage" in his war against the U.S. government, and blames himself on Luke Skywalker watching the Death Star. The office workers crushed in the wreckage were equivalent to the space-ship crew, he says. "They were all part of the Evil Empire." And he shows the final words he wants to deliver, just before the drugs flow.

So there's no doubt that McVeigh must die—if only to be consistent with the practice of capital punishment in the America of 2001. Millions of them poor and black, some so morally deficient to know what's happening to them routinely get the needle for much smaller outrages, like a single killing during a botched robbery. How then, if only to preserve a semblance of justice, could a son of the solid white working class who inflated such massive amounts on an entire

country suffer any lesser penalty? That much is settled, so the biggest controversy about McVeigh impending end is something that seems trivial by comparison: who gets to watch?

The answer, as of last week, is lots of people. For the first time, the U.S. government will allow a closed-circuit TV feed of the execution to that nation and families of the victims—some 250 of them—can see McVeigh die. And if there, goes an increasingly common argument, why not everyone who wants to? Why not revive the old tradition of public executions, extinct in the United States since 1937, when 500 people gathered in a small town in Missouri to watch a manfetter named Isaac Jackson be hanged?

In being America, there's a circus aspect to some of this. A Florida company called the Entertainment Networks Inc. (known for adult-rated subscription Web sites like Voyeur-derivation that show video action of college students) is demanding the right to broadcast the execution. It wants to charge \$3 to view it.

But serious people are arguing in favor as well. The whole country was victimized, goes the logic, so why restrict the viewing to those whose families were directly hurt? Thomas Lynch, a poet, essayist and Harvard director (really), wrote recently that executions are such solemn occasions that the public should not even go near. "When the state kills in the name of its citizens—no matter how justly, righteously or humanely—oughtn't its citizens be obliged to watch? And if not obliged, is it less allowed? What other justice, righteousness or humanity would we turn our faces from?"

It won't happen, of course. Most Americans approve of capital punishment, so long as they don't have to think too deeply about it or get anywhere near the real thing. Broadcasting executions makes people feel angry, though it's hard to frame a logical argument against showing something that amounts to the ultimate exercise of the people's power against those among them deemed too evil to live.

Another advocate of going public argues that restricting the number of viewers to the 50 or so who can squeeze into the viewing room adjacent to the execution chamber is simply unfair. That violates legal guarantees of "equal access" that person maintains. "A reasonable solution," he continues, "seems obvious: hold a true public execution—allow a public broadcast." The author of that opinion is, in fact, Timothy McVeigh himself, who would like nothing better than to turn his death into his last political act. By supporting the idea, McVeigh provides the best argument against it: don't give him the satisfaction.



McVeigh awaits a TV execution

The Digital Revolution

Advertising Supplement

Always On, Always Connected

North Americans take the availability of utilities like running water, electricity and telephone service for granted. We only think about them when they're not there—during a power disruption for example.

You can soon add another ubiquitous utility to the mix: **information.**

Right now, most of us think of the Internet as something we access on computers. Soon, we'll be using many different devices to connect to the Net. Electronics companies are developing Internet radios that let us listen to music from all over the planet. Appliance companies are developing fridges and microwaves that let us download recipes and order groceries over the Net. Computer companies are developing stand-alone Web terminals that we can use to get a quick information fix.

When we're away from our homes and offices, we'll stay connected—thanks to new high-speed wireless networks and new portable devices, such as Internet-ready cellphones and wireless-enabled pocket computers. The information we need will be out there on the network, rather than tied to a specific device. Networks will configure information for the device we happen to be using at any given time.

As these networks evolve, we'll rely on them the same way we rely on electricity and running water. "Like any utility, it will be critically important that these services are always available," says Paul Saperis, president and CEO of Hewlett-Packard (Canada) Ltd., "because, increasingly, we will rely on them to simplify our lives."





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2007 Digital Revolution

The Connected Home

Very soon, we'll be using the Internet throughout our homes

There aren't many homes in North America where electricity, telephone service or heat is confined to a single room. We use these services throughout the house, for many different purposes. The same thing is happening with information.

According to IDC (Canada) Ltd., a market research company that specializes in technology, 50 per cent of Canadian households are connected to the Internet. Of these connected households, 20 per cent have broadband Internet connections - typically cable-modem service from cable TV companies or DSL (digital subscriber line) service from phone companies. According to IDC, the penetration of broadband Internet services in Canada is among the highest in the world.

Broadband Internet has several advantages over dial-up service. First of all, it's many times faster. Second, it doesn't tie up your regular phone line. And finally, it's always on.

This last characteristic is vital. "The power that drives all our appliances - even food processors to electric shavers - is always on," notes Tsapalis. "Similarly, always-on connections are needed for a whole range of Internet devices."

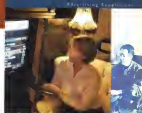
The PC will remain the centre of the new digital world. But we'll see an explosion of other digital devices connecting to the Net.

Philips Consumer Electronics Canada Ltd.

Some devices will connect through to the Net the familiar way - through computers - but will do new things. Tsapalis's wireless printers that monitor their own ink supplies and automatically place an order for a replacement cartridge over the Internet before the well runs dry.

There will be new classes of connected computer peripherals that extend Internet functionality through the house. Several companies, including Dell Computer, have introduced digital audio receivers that let you enjoy music stored on your computer in any room in your house. This can be music that you've downloaded from the Internet, or music that you've "ripped" from your own CD collection, and stored on the computer.

"The PC will remain the centre of the new digital world," says Doug Cooper, marketing manager for Intel at Canada Ltd. "But we'll see an explosion of other digital devices connecting to the Net." These include the Wireless Web Tablet, a portable handheld device with touch-sensitive screen which Intel plans to introduce late this year. The



Rogers Interactive TV as a server

Wireless Web Tablet will connect via a wireless home network to a computer that has a broadband Internet connection.

Late this year, Microsoft will launch new versions of Windows for both the consumer and business markets. It calls Windows XP the most significant upgrade since Windows 95 replaced Windows 3.1. "We want Windows XP to become the hub where all the home's Internet activities come together," says Erik Hill, Windows product marketing manager at Microsoft Canada Co.

We'll also see products that connect to the Net without a PC. Later this year, Philips Electronics will introduce a mini stereo system with built-in AM/FM radio, cassette recorder and CD player - plus an Internet radio that plays streaming audio sent over the Internet by thousands of different Webcasters. After hooking the system to a high-speed Internet service, users will be able to search for stations based on genre (Jazz, classical, country etc.), language or region.

RCA has introduced two e-book readers. You can upload complete books to the devices, then read them at your leisure on their LCD screens. They let you carry dozens of books in a device the size of a paperback. We'll have connected appliances in our kitchen. At the National Home Show in January, LG Electronics demonstrated an "Internet Fridge" and

"Internet Microwave" with LCD displays and connections that let them download recipes from the Net. The Fridge also lets you leave messages for other family members, send and receive e-mail and listen to MP3 music.

The Net is invading the family room as well. Rogers Cable has introduced Rogers Interactive TV, a service that brings e-mail and limited Web access to your home-entertainment centre. A second-generation version of the service, which



Rogers Interactive TV home page

Rogers Interactive TV wireless keyboard



will play streaming audio and video from the Net through your TV and stereo, will be introduced in 2002.

Many Internet services will be more attractive on devices other than computers, says Michael Lee, vice-president of interactive services for Rogers Cable. "Take the whole MP3 phenomenon," he suggests. "A computer isn't the optimal place to listen to music." Portable MP3 players or some kind of Internet audio component is more suitable.

In the kitchen, Lee foresees people being able to order groceries by holding a bar-code label up to a reader on the fridge. Another service will be security. If you get a call at the office telling you that the alarm system has been tripped, you'll be able to use the Internet to check video cameras in your home. "We'll have one major pipe into the home that delivers all these services," Lee predicts, "and multiple devices that are use-specific."



HP PhotoSmart digital camera

from film." Macfarlane notes. "A point-and-shoot digital camera that sells for \$399 today is equivalent to \$950 digital cameras that were being used for newspaper work five years ago."



Kodak DC4000 Zoom digital camera

Improving technology and tumbling prices are helping drive digital photography. Kodak's three-megapixel DC4000, an editor's choice in a PC Magazine roundup last fall, is now selling for \$399 (including the \$50 rebate), down from \$549 when it was first introduced. Meanwhile, camera companies are beginning to introduce four-megapixel cameras. And some interesting "convergence" cameras are hitting the market, such as cameras from Fuji and Kodak that double as MP3 music players.

Steven Poole, senior vice-president of Black's Photography, predicts sales of digital cameras will overtake sales of 35mm cameras within three years. "This past Christmas, we moved past the early adopter stage and into the early majority stage."

A great attraction of digital is immediacy. You can shoot, transfer images to your PC then send them over the Internet to friends and family. Beams of photo-sharing Web sites have sprung up across the Net. At sites like PhotoLink (www.photolink.com), Photo Highway (www.photohighway.com), Gather Round (www.gatherround.com) and Zing (www.zing.com), you can create online photo albums, then invite others to come and look for themselves. Major portals, such as MSN or, also let users create online photo albums and share pictures with other friends and family.

You don't need a digital camera to share pictures online. Stores like Shoppers Drug Mart and Wal-Mart will scan your pictures to Kodak's PhotoLink site when you bring regular film in for processing. The same service is available at Black's Photo stores.

Even with digital, people want hard-copy images, Macfarlane notes. To that end, Canon has introduced the CP1: Home Lab Printer, which makes four-by-six-inch prints direct from Canon digital cameras. The CP1 is a

A digital camera that sells for \$399 today is equivalent to \$950 digital cameras that were being used for newspaper work five years ago.

See Macfarlane, Lee and University of

Face2Face

The Internet is a great way to reach out and see someone

Most people think of the Internet as a great way to get information, but it's also a great way to share information—not just words, but pictures and even moving video.

The ability to share information digitally is changing the way we take pictures. According to Toronto-based Bambi Research Corp., Canadian shipments of digital cameras more than doubled last year, growing from 94,800 in 1999 to 202,000 in 2000. Bambi expects the market to grow again this year, to 245,000 units. Most of the action is in the middle part of the market: cameras costing \$350 to \$500 represent 47 per cent of sales.

Lee Macfarlane, vice-president and general manager of the photographic products group at Canon Canada Inc., doesn't think digital will supplant conventional photography. "When microcameras first appeared, everyone said regular stores were dead," he notes. "That hasn't happened. Conventional stores and microcameras have different applications. The same is true of photography. If you're sharing pictures of your daughter's birthday party to send to relatives overseas, you'll shoot digital. If you're shooting a picture of a sunrise that you want to frame, you'll shoot on film. But as digital cameras get higher resolution, they'll get more film-like."

Already, today's three-megapixel cameras (cameras whose sensors have three million pixels for capturing the scene) can produce four-by-six-inch prints that "are hard to distinguish

BAD IDEAS DON'T GET BETTER ONLINE



Exhibit A: square wheel



Exhibit B: a square wheel.com

These recent dot-com disasters were a stern reality check to the Web world: the fundamental principles of business still apply. That's why thousands of companies, small and large, are working with IBM to improve their core business processes, connecting their customers, partners, and employees on the Internet. Using IBM's expertise, tools and technologies, they're linking business strategy with solid e-business infrastructure. Like *Clearwater Fire Radio*. This coastal company worked with business consultants at IBM Global Services to help enhance customer relationship

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3M Innovation

2001 Digital Revolution

dye-sublimation printer, which produces images that are closer to photo quality than ink-jet printers. You can also make high-quality dye-sublimation pictures from digital images at Kodak's PictureMaker kiosks, found in hundreds of photo stores across the country. At 20 Black's Photography stores, there are kiosks where customers can make true photographic prints of digital images. Agfa has just introduced a digital camera with a button that automatically uploads pictures to the AGOneit print service when users want to order photographic prints. And for users who want to make their own prints, Epson is introducing the new Stylus Photo, which automatically matches the colour on photos shot on new cameras equipped with Picture Matching technology.



Epson Stylus Photo 740

New, smarter software will make digital photography even easier. With Microsoft Windows XP, due later this year, you'll be able to view thumbnails, images of your digital pics as the Windows desktop, then make a printout of a digital picture, or publish it to the Web, just by clicking on it then choosing the action you want. Windows XP will do the thinking for you, managing such chores such as figuring out the best resolution settings for the task. For events like your child's dance recital, you want to be able to convey movement; in other words, you want to share video instead of still images. With new digital video (DV) camcorders, it's easy to transfer video to a computer, edit it and upload it to video-sharing sites. Apple's iMac DV computers have special DV ports that connect to digital camcorders. And they come with iMovie, a software that makes it easy to arrange scenes in the order you want, add special effects and commentary, then take your creation into a QuickTime movie that you can share with friends and family on Apple's iShare site.

Sony's latest XAO Windows PCs also have DV ports and video-editing software. Users of Windows PCs without DV ports can add a DV interface card to their computers, then use software such as Media 100's iMovieDV to capture and edit home videos and share it on a video-sharing site like Digital Ridge (www.digitalridge.com). Media 100, Digital Ridge, Canon and Gateway have created a Web site (www.konnective.com) that explains how to do this. Sharing home videos is far easier with a new digital camcorder than a regular analog model. Digital camcorders have tumbled in price in the past couple of years. Five years ago, they cost over \$1,500; this spring, Canon and JVC are both introducing DV camcorders priced at under \$1,000. For a slight premium, you can get a model with a digital memory card, which allows it to shoot digital still pictures as well.



Internet2Go New networks and portable devices put the Internet in the palm of your hand

In the past five years, the Internet has transformed the way we keep in touch, the way we shop, the way we bank and the way we work. Unfortunately, the Net isn't always there when we need it. Most people access the Net with a computer, sitting at a desk. But what if you have to check your bank balance or a stock price, or send an important e-mail, when you're on the go?

The answer is simpler: use your mobile phone. Wireless carriers are upgrading their networks to provide on-the-go Internet access. In 1999, Bell Mobility introduced Mobile Browser service. Earlier this year, Rogers AT&T Wireless launched its Wireless Web service. On both services, you can surf the Net, buying books and records, sending e-mail and getting the latest news. There are wireless banking services that let you pay bills, and wireless travel services that let you book air travel and rental cars. These services employ the Wireless Application Protocol (WAP), a standard for creating and delivering Internet content. Most cellphones now being sold are WAP phones.



Even our software with Wireless Application Protocol (WAP)

Microsoft has a different take on Internet-to-go. Using a PC, video subscribers can visit the myFido Web site, and specify the information they want sent to their Fido phones, and when they want it sent. For example, they could request a weather forecast to be sent each morning at seven o'clock.

The mobile Internet is still in its infancy. "This isn't the Internet you're used to on your desk," notes Cam Thompson, marketing manager at Encosia Canada Inc. For one thing, the screens on WAP phones and other portable devices are very small compared with computer screens, they'll dis-

Banker.
Broker.
Correspondent.
Reader.
Writer.
Shopper.
DJ.
Surfer.



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*Wireless Internet use requires separately purchased modem. Connect time charges may apply. Some website content may be unavailable. Check with your wireless provider for coverage in your area. For more information on personal digital assistants log on to www.hp.com/go/pdastructure.

play only a few lines of monochrome text. For another, today's mobile networks, which were designed mainly for voice communications, are fairly slow at sending data.

Even so, Brian O'Shaughnessy, vice-president of wireless technology for Bell Mobility, says that more than one-quarter of Bell Mobility customers who have internet-capable phones use internet services "on a weekly basis. People are accepting this as not just a toy." More than half of the use of Bell Mobility's Mobile Browser service is for communications functions like e-mail and instant messaging.

The mobile internet will be spectacular next year, it will really take off and the year after that, it will be roaring!

—Glen Peterson, Strategic Analyst at IDC

David Neale, vice-president of new product development for Rogers AT&T Wireless, says mobile internet is also being used for job-based research and for fun. "We see huge interest in wireless network games," he says.

There are other devices besides WAP phones and other services besides digital wireless voice networks for internet-on-the-go. Wireless communications add-ons are available for Pocket PCs and Palm computers.

Rogers AT&T Wireless and Bell Mobility both sell BlackBerry communications from Waterloo, Ont.-based Research In Motion Ltd. These pocket-size devices have tiny QWERTY keyboards that are more suitable for e-mail than cell-phone keypads. Their screens, while small, are larger than WAP-phone screens. You can visit any Web site with a BlackBerry. Although you may have to do a lot of scrolling to see regular Web pages, you're not limited to sites designed for wireless access, as you are with WAP phones. The page

ing networks they use, while slow, are always on. So when someone sends an e-mail to your BlackBerry, it just appears on the screen. When you want to access information, you just pull-out the device out of your pocket and enter the Web address of the site you want. There's no dial-in process.

Ericsson's Cam Thomson believes the mobile Internet has "great potential. It will be spectacular in the future. Later this year, we'll see more services and features. Next year, it will really take off and the year after that, it will be roaring."

One thing that will drive acceptance is the deployment of new third-generation (3G) wireless networks, starting in 2003. Initially, 3G networks will offer data speeds 30 times greater than the speeds possible

Fourth Protocol mobile services is online

on current second-generation (2G) digital networks—which are slower than regular dial-up modems. Eventually, 3G wireless networks will deliver speeds up to a megabit per second—comparable to the speed as high-speed desktop internet services.

We'll get halfway there with the introduction of 2.5G services later this year. As the name implies, 2.5G is a halfway house between today's 2G networks and tomorrow's advanced 3G networks. They're not as fast as 3G, but are faster than 2G. Telus Mobility and Bell Mobility both plan to offer speeds of 300 kilobits per second—twice as fast as a regular dial-up modem—on their 2.5G services, which will be launched late this year or early next year. Rogers AT&T will begin offering a 2.5G service in major urban centres this summer. Initially, the service will offer speeds of 19.2 kbps, but this will double by year-end.

In one respect, a 2.5G isn't a halfway house at all. Like 3G, this will be an always-on service; so you can get e-mail or information whenever you need it—without a dial-in process. Pam Morris, product manager for internet products and services at CompuLink Canada Inc., believes mobile internet will take off in the business world first, and consumer acceptance will follow. Businesses

see the mobile Internet as enabling sales forces to get inventory information and enter orders from the field. "A lot of businesses are eager and ready for this," she says. "They see it as a major imperative to extend network data to the environment where they transact their business."

Earlier this year, IDC (Canada) Ltd. surveyed 100 executives of Canada's largest companies on their views on wireless technology to improve access to company



CompuLink PDA Pocket PC



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Information, improve workforce efficiency and improve productivity. Over 70 per cent expect it to improve workforce mobility and sales-force efficiency. But to realize these benefits, businesses need better wireless devices, lower-cost networks and increased transmission speed, respondents said. The study, conducted on behalf of IBM Canada Ltd., concludes, "Canadian business doesn't need to be persuaded, it needs to be enabled."

There will be important consumer benefits as well. Treats are under way of micropayment services that let you purchase soft drinks from vending machines and food parking meters using your cellphone. New phones equipped with Bluetooth wireless technology will be able to exchange information with other devices. When you use your phone to purchase a soft drink, it would use the mobile Internet to complete the transaction, then send a command to the vending machine to release the drink. The machines, meanwhile, could send information on stock-on-hand to a communications gateway using Bluetooth, Thomson says, and the gateway could then use the mobile Internet to arrange that the machines' supply be replenished.



Emerson Raye Colquhoun



Photo: iStockphoto.com

you'll be able to arrange to get together for a coffee. Another benefit of location-based services is the ability to request information that's relevant to where you are. If you're vacationing with your family in a strange city, and your kids are about to go into a hamburger meltdown, you'll be able to use your phone to get the location of the nearest fast-food restaurant. If you're short on funds, you'll be able to get the location of the nearest bank machine. The information—along with a map—will show on the screen of your portable device.

Companies could use location-based services to advertise to wireless users who are in their vicinity, adds Yuri Rebello, director of engineering for Nokia Canada. But he adds that people must be able to switch that off. "You don't want to get to the stage where mobile customers are getting spammed," he notes.

Bell Mobility, Rogers AT&T and Microcell will begin implementing location-based services this year. Citing the difficulty of dealing with privacy issues, Telus Mobility says implementation of location-based services will occur in the next 24 months.

The potential of location-based services goes beyond convenience. Once this technology is fully implemented, emergency dispatchers will be able to detect the exact location of the people calling 911. "A very large portion of calls to 911 comes from cellphones," notes Kelly Olson, general manager of the wireless Internet division of Bell Mobility. "Right now, if you have a crisis where you're mobile, you have to spend the first couple of minutes describing where you are. With location-based services, dispatchers can focus on the problem and send emergency services right away." It will take a few years to outfit emergency dispatch systems with this capability, she adds. ■

"If you have a crisis when you're mobile, you have to spend a couple of minutes describing where you are. With location-based services, dispatchers can send help right away!"

Help! Where? Best Available

Where am I?

All sorts of useful things happen when networks know where you are

Over the next few years, wireless networks won't just get faster; they'll get smarter as well. Operators of these networks are adding location-based services so that the whereabouts of each caller can be identified. Through its Wireless Web service, Rogers AT&T offers AOL Instant Messenger. Bell Mobility offers Yahoo Messenger on its Mobile Browser service.

Location-based services will make it easier to get information that's relevant to you. For example, when you ask for a weather forecast, you'll first be offered a forecast for your current location.

That's just the beginning. David Neale, vice-president, new product development for Rogers AT&T Wireless, sees two main applications for location-based services. The first is something he calls "presence."

Web phone and e-mail, you have the other person is there when you send a message. Neale notes. With instant messaging, you know when someone in your buddy list is online. Location-based services will add another di-



It's a beauty... who first saw it all

What Yu can do in a tutu

Xiao-Nan Yu is the picture of grace and beauty as she performs in the arms of Ben Harrington, principal dancer with the National Ballet of Canada. Moments later, the 23-year-old first soloist graces as she rises off her partner's chest. "This is the ugly part," smiles Yu. Bandages, tape and skin are peeled from her arm, red feet only to be wrapped up again for another rehearsal. It is an incredibly busy time for Yu. Hailed by critics as the next Kira Oros, she is rehearsing for three ballets, including the lead role in an adaptation of Giacomo Puccini's opera *Madama Butterfly*, which opens in Toronto on April 28. "Every time I do it, I want to cry," says Yu. "The story is just so overwhelming, so sad." Initially trained in her homeland of China, Yu moved to Canada in 1995 for a final year at the National Ballet School. She has since become fluent in English (she didn't know a word when she arrived), leaps up the ranks of the company, danced to glorious reviews and married a Canadian computer engineer, Shuang Zheng, last October. Despite her enormous rise, Yu knows the still has a lot to learn. But so does she and being beauty into the lives of her audience is all Yu wants. "I have a passion for beautiful things," she says. And ballet, when Yu dances, is just that.

Why Dundee III?

Pred Hogan has learned to never say never. After two successful *Grease II* Dundee movies in the '90s, Hogan opted the outback-savvy-but-big-city-naïve character. Now, 15 years later, Hogan has wrapped up the local, danced the crocodile-bait and moved up the franchise machine for *Grease II Dundee in Los Angeles*. The latest sequel stars Mike Dundee, his American overboard, Sue, and their young son, Mikey. Love the outback for a few



Ivy league of her own

With final exams fast approaching, Jennifer Boersell may be one of the few upset students at Harvard University. The 21-year-old psychology major's spirit is understandably high after she scored the gold medal-winning goal for the Canadian women's hockey team, which edged the rival United States 3-2 to capture the world championship in Minneapolis. "When we all started the ice after the game," says the college junior, "I felt the greatest focus of excitement."

The triumph at the world championship came on the heels of another big accomplishment for the native of Winnipeg. The high-flying forward, who led the Harvard Crimson with 77 points in the 2000-2001 season, was named this year's recipient of the Patsy Korman Memorial Award, given to the most outstanding player in women's intercollegiate varsity hockey. Unfortunately for her Crimson teammates, Boersell—who has never been named Ivy League player of the year—will be taking next year off school to train full time for the 2002 Olympics in Salt Lake City.

This will be Boersell's second trip to the Games. At 18, she was a member of the squad that won a silver medal in Nagano, Japan. "The experience of being in an Olympics was amazing," she says, "it was just really tough not finishing the way we expected to." Boersell, the younger sister of Calgary, a 26-year-old left-winger in the Calgary Flames farm system, plans on adding the Salt Lake makeup run.



Photo: iStockphoto.com

months of cultural shock in L.A. While some of the fish-on-screen are charming, the fish-on-off-water premise hasn't aged as well as Hogan himself—who is a spry 51-year-old.

Hogan swears he is not looking to revive his career. Instead, he, his wife-to-be Linda Kozlowski and their two-year-old son, Chance, will continue to live off the spoils of Mike's first foray into America. "I've never, uh, uh, been, uh, uh," says Hogan, who owns a home in Santa Barbara, Calif., and a farm in Australia. "I don't like to talk about it, it just makes people jealous."

POWER CRUNCH

California. Alberta. And soon—Ontario?
How the province's struggle with reform
could affect electric bills across Canada

Special Report

By Kimberley Noble

When Mike Harris's Progressive Conservative government announced plans to open the province's power market to private competition, it looked like the moment Mike Dupuis had spent his entire life waiting for.

Dupuis, 45, can't remember a time when he didn't love making electricity. The year he was born, his father built a minuscule hydro plant in their backyard on Whistler Creek near Atkinson, Ont. As a child, Dupuis saw nothing unusual in watching his dad head down to the river with his toolbox when the lights went out—or helping him rebuild the dam after Ontario Hydro put in a power plant close out the creek's flow. "I didn't realize we were unique," he says. "I just thought everybody had their own hydro."

Two decades later, Dupuis teamed up with his father to buy Ontario Hydro's antiquated Colton generating station on eastern Ontario's Mississippi River. The deal was a landmark. It forced Ontario Hydro, for the first time in its history, to act as a power broker for independent producers who wanted to sell electricity into the provincial grid. It also inspired Mike Dupuis to go one step farther. He figured that some day, some free-enterprise-minded Ontario government would decide to

sell its Ontario Hydro, the 26,000-megawatt utility that had controlled the province's electricity business for nearly a century. When that day dawned, Dupuis wanted to be a company that was in the right place at exactly the right time.

He nixed everything. In 1988, the family sold the generating business; in the years that followed, Dupuis sank every dollar he had or could borrow into setting up Canadian Hydro Companies Ltd., a company that manufactures turbines for small hydro. The firm became known as one of the best of its kind in Canada, if not the world. During passage of the 1998 Energy Competition Act, Dupuis was printed in the Ontario legislature for his gung-ho and insensitive. The day appeared to be the last.

Then, for reasons Dupuis still finds baffling, the day fell. Today, his order book is empty and he's desperately scrambling to hold his company together. After all the years he's fought north and westward to compete with the government's monopoly, he never imagined he'd be giving up just as the province was on the verge of opening its electricity market. But Dupuis doesn't see much choice. "I don't know if I can stay in the business," he says, deep frustration in his voice.

Granted, Canadian Hydro Companies is a far cry from Pacific Gas & Electric Co., the San Francisco-based utility that filed for bankruptcy protection earlier this month. And when



■ Dupuis is waiting for Mike Harris to show which way the river runs

it comes to problems deregulating the production and sale of electricity, Ontario is a long way from California. But what happens in Ontario will matter to every Canadian who pays an electric bill. Policymakers across the country are watching Ontario carefully as it wades with its planned electricity reform. New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and, depending on the outcome of this spring's provincial election, maybe even British Columbia, are all looking at some sort of deregulation agenda. Former federal energy minister Donald Macdonald, who headed one of the Harris government's first task forces on this topic, says, "You need to watch Ontario if you want to learn how to do this."

Of course, Macdonald notes, how not to do it. At the moment, Dupuis's difficulties reflect growing fears among small—and large—players in the electricity business that the province might not hash what it wants. He's the harrier face of a much larger problem, nothing less than the potential failure of Ontario's much-ballyhooed efforts to establish meaningful competition for the government's electricity monopoly. Few are willing to declare the original plan dead, but Tom Adams, executive director of Toronto-based Energy Probe, a national industry watchdog, is blunt about it. "This," he says, "is going to crash, big time."

Rolling blackouts and skyrocketing power bills have made California and Alberta synonymous with electricity disaster. The Harris government, on the other hand, wanted Ontario

to be known as the North American jurisdiction that got electricity deregulation perfectly right, showing all the others how it was done. When it launched its sweeping changes three years ago, provincial politicians and their private-sector advisers were confident that between them they could create up with a way to carve up Ontario Hydro—a \$10-billion public power monopoly—in such a way that other companies could compete on a level playing field against the massive and supposedly selfless, government-owned entity. This, in turn, would enable the companies to pay down Ontario Hydro's crippling debt while creating jobs. Scenarists, at the same time, it would maintain or even reduce what historically have been among the world's lowest electricity rates.

By now, most of these great expectations are gone. The province's politicians will argue to the contrary, but their once-bold plan is on the brink of falling apart. The original legislation has been modified until neither elected capitalists nor consumer activists seem to know what it means for shareholders or residential customers—except that prices are surely going to go up. And the playing field, far from being level, has been altered so much that it's starting to look awfully lumpy. Last summer, it was a controversial deal whose terms are still secret, the politicians even ordered four-year electricity discounts for some of the province's biggest hydro customers—among them companies that had pushed for a free market in the first place. The deregulation is unraveling.

from "stage fright," Macdonald observes. "They are spooked a little at the U.S. experience."

Ontario's market opening, scheduled for November 2000, was initially delayed until some time this year. And while government officials refuse to name a new date—and industry executives continue to lobby fiercely for an opening this fall—many say privately that they don't expect anything to happen until at least a year from now, in April or May, 2002. The government, they say, doesn't want to commit itself until it can be certain that the conditions are perfect—meaning, politically, *fair*. "The main issue is price," says John Iliadis, chief executive officer of Toronto Hydro Corp. "There will be price increases, and the government is worried about the political impact. Whereas business is worried more about the delays."

The industry doesn't even want to think about the possibility that Ontario might stop here—or even back. "Anything possible," concedes Ron Osborne, president and CEO of the government-owned Ontario Power Generation Inc., one of five entities created when the old Ontario Hydro was split up. "But is it practical? I mean, can we really put the marketplace back on the shelf?"

Electricity prices in Canada have long ranked among the lowest in the world—generally around three to six cents a kilowatt hour, while the U.S. range is in the 10-cent area. "Usually, the general public does not pay attention to electricity," says Tony Jennings, president of the Municipal Electric Association, the country's largest industry lobby. "You flip a switch, and the light goes on." The California supply crunch changed that, sending shock waves and news bulletins across the continent. The way electricity is produced, transported and priced is now one of the hot business and consumer topics of the year. But it is still no eye-glazingly complex for all but a few experts, Jennings admits. Resembling in particular "more complicated than anything you have seen or can imagine."

Boiled down to its most basic elements, the electricity business is made up of three parts: generation, which in Canada means mainly large hydro and coal-fired generating stations, with a smattering of natural gas and, in Ontario, Quebec and New Brunswick, nuclear power plants; transmission, which carries the power from its source along high-voltage lines; and distribution, which has traditionally been handled by municipal utilities responsible for actually getting electricity into neighborhoods and homes.

In Ontario, one noise-reducing phrase can sum up why politicians had to re-examine the traditional system: oil! It started back in the 1960s through the early '90s, the province built 20 nuclear reactors in three locations, and by the time the third one—the Darlington complex east of Toronto—was completed in 1995, its nearly five acres in budget, Ontario Hydro was \$38 billion in the hole and the province's credit

Alberta's electricity supply wasn't broke, but Klein decided to fix it—with disastrous results

rating was in danger. Politicians decided they had to take a serious look at whether they could afford to keep making and selling electricity.

They were not the only ones. For more than a decade now, the city has gone up around the world break up the unit and sloppy-spending public utilities, and their unbridled over who controls electrical power, and your province's electricity will be ripe for investment, innovation and new employment. In the words of Jim Dinning, the former Alberta treasurer turned executive vice president of Calgary-based energy conglomerate TransAlta Corp., who now travels the continent preaching the benefits of deregulation: "Piss the market, and we will build."

In practice, of course, it's never that simple. More often than not, electricity deregulation has meant cutting, rather than removing, government regulations. In many cases, it results in an even stricter regulatory regime. This was the case in Britain in 1990. Margaret Thatcher's government opened its market but later imposed second-price caps—which, energy analysts point out, played a big role in the subsequent lower prices commonly attributed to deregulation. Even Pennsylvania, Ontario's favorite regulatory role model, set rates for some existing utilities artificially high in order to allow new entrants

to come in and compete. "Pennsylvania is cited as a success," says a senior Ontario energy official, "because a lot of residential customers switched suppliers." But, he adds, the regulators—rather than the market—deserve the credit.

The failures have their own complexities. California's crisis can be traced to a fatal combination of bad design and unfortunate circumstances: surging demand from Silicon Valley, a shortage of domestic electricity supply—due largely to environmental restrictions on new production—soaring natural gas prices and consumer price caps that have come close to bankrupting the state's big utilities. The result: scorching blackouts, sudden price hikes and angry consumer protests.

Alberta, on the other hand, has only itself to blame. Nothing about electricity there was actually broke, but Premier Ralph Klein—unopposed, it is said, by how phenomenally easy it had been to open up natural gas markets—decided in 1995 to fix it anyway. "God give us a neck," says TransAlta Dinning, in good-humored defiance of his former boss. "Surely he must for us to stick out." And Klein did. Rather than make Alberta electricity producers sell off their valuable private assets (as had happened in California), the Klein government forced those companies to sell their entire output at auction instead. Baysen would become the province's new wholesaler and sell their power to municipal utilities, retailers and consumers.

The auctions were a colossal flop, attracting only a handful of bidders for the big blocks of power. Today, Alberta is almost back where it started, with nearly two-thirds of its 9,600-megawatt capacity controlled for the most part by five very large organizations—led by Enbridge and Exco, Calgary and Edmonton's municipal utilities.

Misling matters were the soaring price of natural gas. Only 14 per cent of Alberta's electricity output is made with it, but in a direct market, a rising oil-fueled power prices. If wholesale can get 20 or more cents a kilowatt hour for needed electricity made by burning natural gas, why accept less for the one (made mostly by cheap coal and nuclear)? The new gang of big-time wholesalers paid, on average, four cents a kilowatt hour

THE COST OF GETTING JUICED



Source: Energy Services, 1999. Electricity rates based on 1999 data.

The issue for Harris is how to avoid taking the blame for rising prices

to cover the market. Otherwise, in their fury, were asked to cough up from three to five times that amount under contract—or take their chances on the spot market. Hence the howl and cry, and the \$5 billion in rebates promised in the weeks leading up to this spring's provincial election.

Ontario wasn't it will be different. "We're not California, we're not Alberta," says Energy, Science and Technology Minister Jim Wilson. "We're fortunate that we're able to go after the California and after the Alberta, so we are able to learn from their mistakes."

The province goes a far effort. A series of exhaustive studies led to the 1998 legislation, which contemplated the division of Ontario Hydro into five separate entities, each with a different function—generating, transmission and distribution, debt finance, market regulation and electrical safety. Assets and debt were distributed among the five firms proportionally, with \$21 billion of what's called "unmated" debt going into the finance arm. Nearly \$4 billion of that will be covered directly by electricity users—starting with a June 1 rate increase of 9.7 cents a kilowatt hour.

The legislation looked good in principle. But it conceals what most consumer and competition advocates identify as a near-fatal flaw: keeping the generating assets together in a single corporate unit. Ontario Power Generation has \$8.5 billion in assets and accounts for 90 per cent of the province's electric-

Business Special Report

cal capacity. Ben Wilson acknowledges the problem. For Ontario's electricity market to be competitive, he says, "you've got to move the elephant over and allow new entrants in."

The solution was a "market design" agreement containing two provisions that were supposed to shift the elephant. One requires OPG to divest itself of enough electrical capacity that it controls only 35 per cent of the province's supply 10 years from the day the market opens. (To date, it's done one such deal, leasing the Bruce nuclear plant to British Energy PLC and Saskatoon-based Cameco Corp. for up to 13 years.) The second introduces a price-cap formula on most of OPG's output—but not on retail prices—that would require consumer rebates if the average charge goes too high. It is designed to prevent the company from exporting too much of its product and from forcing Ontarians to match what power-hungry foreigners might be willing to pay. As OPG's share of capacity shrinks, the caps will be phased out.

But the system is full of loopholes, should OPG decide to use them. The big fear is that a dominant player can end-run the price caps by manipulating the market.

In commodity markets it's called gaming, and it's what happens when suppliers with too much stock get greedy and withhold supply in order to drive up prices. It is a problem in Britain, and there are serious concerns that it's either happening or will soon occur in Alberta. A recent analysis by London Economics International LLC concludes that the Ontario market requires a maximum of five major players to create an honest market.

Here, then, is Ontario's central dilemma. Lower prices require surplus supply Ontario is already suffering occasional brownouts because it keeps filling below its conventional 50-per-cent safety margin, according to Adams. He says the Ontario government is acting on a study that shows the situation is getting worse. To deliver the kind of surplus capacity the government needs after waste deregulation to be risk-free, a lot more new production has to be in the pipeline. "Or else it will be Ontario's turn," says Adams, alluding to California's expensive dependence on B.C. Hydro, "to rely on neighbouring utilities to keep the lights on" for low new projects are even planned.

Would-be investors say they won't commit cash until they know the province is going to act quickly and play fair. So far, they haven't seen adequate proof of either. In February, Wilson vowed to move ahead. "It was a turning point," says OPG's Osborne. "It reaffirmed their commitment to the process." But in recent weeks, the government has appeared to back off again. "We won't move forward," Wilson told an annual meeting of utility lobbyists, "until the government is satisfied it can bring in a market that consumers will benefit from." Meanwhile, a series of government policy assurances that



**Stopping now is hard for Ontario to imagine.
'Can we really put the toothpaste back in the tube?'**

seemed to fence the public companies, from bond issues to restrictions on municipal utility sell-offs, have alienated potential competitors.

Unfortunately for consumers, the one certainty in this whole complex exercise appears to be that the days of cheap power are over. Energy Probe predicts that no matter what the government does now, the province's electricity prices are going to be at least 20 per cent higher in two years. Utility executives go even further: they say that what Ontario residents fork over for electricity will at least double in the next five years—and that the overhauling issue for the Harris government is how it can possibly avoid taking the blame. "There is only one politician in Canada who can screw up something like electricity and still get elected," says Brian Soule, senior vice-president of marketing for Direct Energy Marketing Ltd., a Calgary-based gas and electricity retailer. "And that's Ralph Klein."

So far now, Mike Dupuis has to burn while Mike Harris fiddles. But the turbine maker may still profit from the provincial power chaos. Now that electricity is worth more than gold, established producers on the Columbia River system want to sell whatever they can make for mega-bucks in California. Dupuis is negotiating with two large utilities in Washington that want small railroads installed into the narrow bit of fast-moving water used to attract salmon to fish ladders. "This would put a decent-sized customer in our hands," he says, sounding happier. "Whenever you have a few feet of moving water, you can have a little generating station." If Dupuis can hold out for another year or two in the business, Ontario residents may want to give him a call. ■



Funny, you wouldn't do this yourself.

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Financial and Life Management



NEW DAWN FOR GREEN ENERGY

Special Report

By Chris Wood

Recent nurse Cecily Smith lost alone, now that her partner has died, in a drifty old house in Lethbridge, Alta. Her evenings are particularly quiet since Smith cancelled her cable TV service two years ago—she could pay more than she needs to for electricity. No, she insists, she is not busy. She says she willingly spends the extra \$30 to \$32 a month to receive electricity generated from the wind, instead of from fossil fuels like coal or gas. “I always cared about the environment,” Smith explains. “I don’t have any skill to offer to make a difference, but I know that money pushes things along.”

The last time wind power was sexy, scientists like Smith were the backbone of the renewable energy movement. In the wake of the 1970s oil crisis, earnest legions of eco-hippies in flannel shirts roared in indignation to pull energy from eco-friendly sources. Woodstove sales boomed and advocates forecast that sun, wind and wave power would soon revolutionize world energy use. But then petroleum prices fell back to earth.

Now, oil and natural gas prices are soaring again, and with



Rising fuel prices are making wind, wave and sun power sexy again

those prospects for alternative energy. But you are a disheveled shirt and, for the most part, the situation. Today's solution for eco-power remains the same and yields a return-on-investment statement: “We’re not counting on the soft ride of environmental angst to realize a business case,” asserts Andrew Karpavicz, CEO of Vancouver’s DynaMotive Technologies Corp., which makes a bioethanol liquid from seaweed waste. “We’re looking to compete on an equal basis with fossil fuels.”

That is increasingly possible. World energy consumption is

■ *Vision Quest’s windmills stretch across the landscape near Fletcher Creek, Alta. Prices are solar energy to charge a cellphone*

expected to rise 60 per cent by 2030. This winter’s spike in heating bills brought home a North America-wide lag in developing new supplies to meet that growth. Natural gas is a limited. Coal is plentiful, but burning it contributes to global warming and often faces local resistance. Despite rejecting the Kyoto Protocol on global warming last month, the Bush administration is still expected to limit new sources of climate-damaging emissions. In Britain, Prime Minister Tony Blair has set a goal of 10 per cent of the country’s energy to come from renewable sources by 2010 versus less than three per cent now—which is all more than Canada, not counting hydro.

Cecily Smith’s premium-price power comes from a fleet of towering windmills that stretch like white Spellbinder masts across the foothills 80 km west of Lethbridge. No craning. Don Quixote targets them; they stand tall as a 12-story building, have powerful onboard computers and cost a million dollars apiece. The towers are also rugged, says Jason Edworthy, marketing director of Vision Quest Windelectric Inc., allowing the company to promise price stability as well as a rate competitive with natural gas. “We could write a 25-year contract with confidence,” Edworthy says, “because it’s all capped cost. The price of wind hasn’t gone up in several hundred years.” In February, Calgary decided it would buy the power to run the city’s light rail transit system from Vision Quest.

Another technology enjoying a new day in the sun relies on just that. In some parts of California, solar panels produce electricity more cheaply than the state’s centralized utilities, and San Francisco is considering an outlay of \$100 million to put them on public buildings. Houston oil and gas major Enbridge Gas has predicted that North American use of solar energy will grow by more than 28 per cent a year for the next four years.

Not much of that will be south of the border, apart from powering some remote seasonal homes and work sites. Short winter days here too deeply cut solar output, just when Canadians rely most on energy. But one Montreal company has found a way to profit. ICF Global Technologies Inc. augments conventional mobile power needs with small devices: an accessory that runs the battery pack on the beach off the sun charged up over the winter. “Once you buy it, there’s nothing else to it,” says president Sam Rouse. “The sun’s free.”

Whether the ride is rising for green power is another question. The idea has been around for more than a century. But Canada’s only ocean-power plant was a disaster. Built in the 1980s on Nova Scotia’s Annapolis River estuary, which is riddled twice daily by the furious Bay of Fundy tides, it misread fish, silted up the river and never produced power reliably. Undaunted, Vancouver-based Blue Energy Canada Inc. wants to install a radically different turbine design in the narrow between Vancouver Island and the mainland. The company argues that tidal power is a safer alternative to B.C. Hydro’s intention to build a natural gas pipeline across the Strait of Georgia. “In light of the earthquake here,” argues Blue Energy spokesman Michael

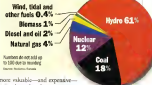
Moses, “we think that is a pretty good plan.” The company is also trying to sell its concept in Britain and the Philippines.

Solar, wind and tidal power are the glorious fruits of green energy, but the real money may lie in something less than the sunny (or not) “biomass,” a category that includes any organic scraps from farming or forestry, from manure left when wheat is threshed to bark stripped from logs at the sawmill. Much of it is simply burned, smudging rural skylines. Renewable energy companies are racing to sell a better alternative.

In Ottawa, Iogen Corp. has found investors to put \$30 million into a plant now being completed near the city’s airport. At full throttle, it is supposed to turn 40 tons a day of wheat, oat and barley straw into ethanol, the burnable alcohol that is mixed with gasoline to produce so-called green blends sold at pumps in Western Canada and the United States. Until now, technology has only permitted ethanol to be made from the

KEEPING THE LIGHTS ON

Canada’s electricity sources, 1999



more valuable—and expensive—grains themselves. Iogen says enzymes to release energy locked in the stalks. The first factory plant is just a scale model of the commercial version Iogen wants to build. With these, says vice-president Jeff Macleod, “we hope to have ethanol that is competitive with rock gasoline, not just, gasoline that is not used.”

British Columbia’s DynaMotive and partner Canfor, a \$2.7-billion forest-products giant, are working on a system capable of turning 10 tons a day of sawmill scraps into a syrupy liquid that will find industrial buyers and raise diesel engines. Canfor hopes to demonstrate the parent’s technology at one of its B.C. mills within the next two years.

Eventually, the stuff could also run cars and ships or be processed into plastics.

DynaMotive calculates that Canadian companies waste enough forest biomass in a year to make 20 million barrels of bio-oil. Around the world, sugar cane and other firms waste could produce 800 million barrels, the company says. Big numbers. But still only a drop in the bucket of world consumption—about enough bio-oil to replace fossil fuels for 10 days. And before any bio-oil is sold, Karpavicz is on first with his technology. “If you don’t go to market,” he admits, “your technology goes nowhere.” As Cecily Smith knows, before you can make a difference, you have to make money. ■

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*DeLah cleans off his
no-nonsense household
disinfectant*

Tech Explorer A friendly germ killer

Like a lot of expectant couples, Sam DeLah and his wife worried whether their home in Harrison, and all the household products in it, was safe for their soon-to-be-born son. So DeLah, a product developer whose mother has a line of botanical skin-care products, began thinking about a no-nonsense household disinfectant. Four years later, he has come up with Benefect, a hospital-grade germ killer made with plant enzymes—suitable for use on cutting boards, children's toys and toilets. Benefect is so safe that DeLah, 29, is happy to demonstrate by spraying it in his mouth—several times. Can consumers be convinced that a disinfectant has taste that tongue actually worships? "We definitely are going to have a problem," says DeLah, "with

people thinking it's too good to be true."

Health Canada has approved Benefect, which costs for \$8.99 per 400-ml bottle, for household and industrial use. Independent tests say it kills the required 99.9999 per cent of bacteria. Environment Canada calls it "environmentally preferable." The strong-smelling spray damages *Staphylococcus*, though, so it should not be used on picnic coolers. Deane Poulos, marketing chief at Accon, Ontario-based Purify Life Health Products Ltd., Canada's largest distributor of natural products, including Benefect, admits some environmentally friendly goods have only limited effectiveness. Not this one, he maintains. His pitch: "It's no-nonsense, it works—which is a plus—and it can go head-to-head with Lysol."

COOL SITE

Picture this

Art can speak volumes about a nation and its neighbours. With that in mind, the Canadian Museum of Civilization in Hull, Que., has helped launch a virtual exhibit featuring landscapes as portrayed by Canadian, Mexican and U.S. artists at www.renaissanceart.ca. Attractively packaged, the site features a wide selection of paintings, many with audio to guide visitors

Calling up cool air

Forgot to turn down the air conditioner before leaving home? IBM and Carrier may have a wireless solution in Myspace.com. This summer in Europe, Carrier plans to launch what it calls the industry's first Web-enabled air conditioner. It allows a person to control temperature with a cellphone or via the Myspace Web site. The air conditioner can send diagnostic alerts by cellphone, e-mail or fax. Carrier says it may later extend the service to North America.

Dayle Havelock

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A HELPING HAND

The new Canadarm2, going aloft this week, is longer, stronger, more nimble than its famous predecessor. And it walks to work

By Danylo Hawaleshka in St-Hubert, Que.

It seems appropriate for the original Canadarm to be lying now in several pieces. After 20 years of stellar service, the off-world champion of the zero-gravity power life is temporarily grounded on Earth—in Brampton, Ont., to be precise. In a sealed clean-room as big as an aircraft hanger, technicians at MacDonald Dettwiler Space and Advanced Robotics Ltd. wear unflattering hair nets and white lab coats as they meticulously refurbish an icon of national pride. At the same time, Canadarm's heir apparent sits in the payload bay of the shuttle *Endeavour* at the Kennedy Space Center in Florida, folded up, bolted down and scheduled to thunder off on its maiden voyage this week. A lot is expected of Canadarm2, which is bigger, better and stronger than its predecessor, says former astronaut Marc Garneau, now executive vice-president of the Canadian Space Agency. "It," he says, "is going to be absolutely here to work."

The new robotic arm, technically known as the Space Station Remote Manipulator System, is a scrupulously fast of aerospace engineering. It is designed to function in a hostile environment where temperature swings of 300° C occur frequently as it hurtles through space, in and out of direct sunlight, at eight kilometers per second. But do Canadians care anymore? *Endeavour* is scheduled to dock with the International Space Station on Sunday, April 21, Day 3 of the 12-day mission. When it does, all those shuttles capable of docking with the orbiting outpost facility will have done so here in the past eight months. News reports make scant reference. Obviously, leaving the planet has taken on the unreliability and air of routine.

The old Canadarm only adds to that perception, performing flawlessly as it has in more than 50 missions. But there is nothing routine about stripping seven human beings to run 20-story rockets that, once ignited, are unstoppable before all the explosive fuel is spent. From zero to 28,000 km/h takes just 8.5 minutes. Aboard *Endeavour* this time around will be Canadian astronaut Chris Hadfield, assigned to unpack and activate Canadarm2 during the first space walk by a Canuck. The mission is critical. "We have an extremely important role here," says Garneau, echoing the agency's oft-repeated message. "If that arm doesn't work, they cannot continue building the International Space Station."

Oddly, after 15 years of research and development, the new arm looks a lot like the old one, Canadarm1, at almost 18 m, a just 2.4 m longer than the original, as a bit shorter than the average motor-trailer speeding along the highway. Its two hollow booms, about as wide as a telephone pole, have a slightly larger diameter than the old ones. They are crisscrossed from 19 layers of carbon fibre, such as this and wobbly as a cookie sheet. But when bonded together, the overlapping lightweight

fibre fuse into a tube more rigid than steel. Each of the booms, joined at an aluminium elbow, ends in an identical "hand" that resembles sockets from a rocket set. Four cameras—one at each end and on either side of the elbow—provide astronauts with their only view of what they are doing.

Not surprisingly, with youth comes flexibility and strength. The old arm bends and twists in six directions, like a human arm's movements. But Canadarm2 has one more so-called degree of freedom for increased maneuverability. It also has four times the muscle, allowing it to move a fully loaded shuttle with either hand.

Automatically, the arm walks. Because the old arm is anchored to the shuttle, it has a limited reach. But Canadarm2 will be able to crawl about the space station, hanging on to a dock's fixtures mounted about its surface. To move the arm, operators will flick a five-hand to a fixture nearby, then instruct it to let go of the first anchor. The arm can then crawl to the next fixture—moving, in effect, like a space Shaky.

But for the mechanical gymnastics to begin, Canadarm2 must survive the jarring forces it will encounter during the

FLYING FINGERS: In Brampton, Hough's team is building hands



CRANEMANE
Launch: December 2002

CANADARM2
Launch: April 23, 2003

MOBILE PLATFORM
Launch: March 2002

launch. The arm, folded in four equal lengths, is bolted to a U-shaped pallet in Endeavour's hold. On Day 4 of the mission, a shuttle crew member will use the original Canadian arm to hoist Canadarm2, roll on its pallet, out of the cargo bay and fasten it to the exterior of the station's American laboratory, called Destiny. Then, Haddfield and U.S. astronaut Scott Parazynski, suited up for their space walk, will snap off an air lock and into history.

Coordinated in their rigid space suits, the pair will clamber up the side of the lab module and attach power and data cables to link Canadarm2 to the station. Next, Haddfield and Parazynski will undo eight, one-meter-long bolts to free the new arm from its metal moorings. With the spacewalkers safely back inside the shuttle, a space station crew member will issue the first commands to Canadarm2, sending it to stop off as planned.

After a few tests to limber up the arm on Day 5, the arm will receive a command to grab a fixture on Destiny's exterior. Canadarm2 will then snap off the pallet to become an appendage of the U.S. module. Throughout the mission, the CSA will maintain the arm's performance at its control centre in St-Hubert, Que. That centre, linked directly to Mission Control at the Johnson Space Center near Houston, will provide sensors and NASA officials with technical support.

On Day 6, Haddfield and Parazynski are to go off for another walk on the wild side, exiting Endeavour to reconfigure wiring on Destiny's fixture and to disconnect the power-data cables on the pallet. On Day 7, the two generations of arms will work together in what CSA calls "the fine robotic handshake" in space. Haddfield will be at the controls of the shuttle arm when a space station crew member uses Canadarm2 to pull him from the cramped pallet. In no time such a handshake is a breeze. Haddfield will take the pallet into Canadarm2's grip and now it is the shuttle's cargo bay for its return to Earth.

Canadarm2 is the first of three components that make up Canada's \$1.4-billion Mobile Servicing System. The second is a movable platform scheduled to go up in March 2002. Much like a crane, the platform will roll along tracks that span the length of the station. Canadarm2 will be able to step off Destiny and onto the rig to be carried to a new work site. The third component has been nicknamed the Canadaback. "It's an underarmature—the 3.5-m-long boom actually has two arms and two hands. Technically known as the Special Purpose Dexteroous Manipulator, Canadaback will sit at the end of Canadarm2, giving it the

REACHING OUT:
The original arm
work on a shuttle
in 1993



The trusty old Canadarm will hoist its agile successor to its place on the side of the station

ability to perform intricate tasks, including manipulating objects as small as a lock. Once it arrives in November, 2003, it will perform routine inspections of the station and carry out delicate maintenance tasks that otherwise would require hazardous space walks by astronauts.

In the same Brampton facility where the first Canadian ever built is getting its gears re-lubed, technicians are assembling Canadaback. They are wiring up software, using computer-aided cables to support the arm in simulate weightlessness. A few keynotes in a computer screen render one of the robotic arms, creating it to glide smoothly—until it suddenly bolts. "We're still working some of the bugs out," explains Aaron Hoag, Canadaback's 36-year-old chief engineer. "That'll be what we're doing for the next six months."

As impressive as Canadarm2 and its accessories are, the old arm still has a lot left to do. At Space Aerospace Ltd. in Brampton, people work on the first Canadarm in 1975, completing the \$108-million project for the first inaugural flight aboard the shuttle Columbia in 1981. NASA later commissioned four more, resulting in \$600 million worth of repairs alone. One was destroyed in the Challenger explosion in 1986.

In the ensuing years, Canadarm has successfully placed new satellites in orbit, and patched broken ones from orbit for repairs, namely the huge Hubble Space Telescope in 1993. The arm has proven versatile, once knocking out from a vent that endangered the shuttle's re-entry into the earth's atmosphere, and another time nudging a beam, mis-

functioning antenna into place. In December, 1998, Canadarm took part in the space station's first assembly mission, mating the U.S. Unity capsule to Russia's Zarya module. It continues to be part of NASA's planning for future shuttle missions.

One often-asked question is whether the Canadarm is still Canadian. The answer, until last week, depended on how you looked at it. Spar in Brampton developed, built and delivered the Canadarm and Canadarm2 before the company merged in an unusual move in 1998, just prior to the opening. Spar had sold its robotics division to McDonald-Dewberry and Associates (MDA) in Richmond, B.C., which owned its new subsidiary, McDonald-Dewberry Space and Advanced Robotics Ltd. MDA, in turn, was controlled by Orbital Sciences Corp., headquartered in Dulles, Va. But last July Orbital declined to make when MDA held a public share offering, with the stock trading on the Toronto Stock Exchange. That left Orbital owning about 52 per cent, but the majority of the board of directors was Canadian. Then just last week, the robotics operation was further Canadianized when Orbital left the scene, selling its remaining shares to a group of investors, including the Ontario Teachers' Pension Plan Board, CIBC Capital Partners and Co II and the B.C. Investment Management Corp.

So what does the whole \$1.4-billion project buy Canada? The right to send one astronaut to the station every three years for a tour of duty of up to four months. Canada also gets 2.5 per cent of the money designated for scientific equipment inside the soon-Russian part of the station, plus access to a rack outside for outside experiments. As for MDA Robotics, it has parlayed its acquired Canadian expertise into more business, agreeing to provide components for robotic arms being developed by Japan and the European Space Agency for use on the station. Meanwhile, Canadarm2 will be in place just in time. The next shuttle mission to the space station, in June, requires the new arm to take delivery of an air lock for astronauts going for space walks. The pace of construction remains frenetic, and the risk to human life is significant. Everyone involved just makes it look easy. ■

THIS RESEARCH IS A REAL HIT WITH CRASH TEST DUMMIES.

We've all seen those crash tests where a car is sent hurtling into a wall to test its ability to sustain an impact and protect its passengers. Thanks to research conducted by Dr. Indira Samarasekera to improve the way steel is made, those crash test dummies — and you and I — may be more likely to emerge unscathed from a car crash.



Using mathematical models, Dr. Samarasekera and her team of researchers at the University of British Columbia have enabled steel companies to produce steel with the particular mechanical properties required. This

means that car manufacturers can now request steel that is especially resistant to impact, while tire producers can get the strongest steel wire they need for their steel-belted radial tires.

And that's not all. Her research is also having an impact on the quality of steel being produced, once again using mathematical models, she has helped steel makers identify when and why certain defects occur during continuous casting, when liquid metal is converted to solid steel. The results of her research are being used by steel producers around the world.

This is just one of many university projects funded by NSERC (the Natural Sciences and Engineering Research Council). We're celebrating our world-class scientists and engineers who keep Canada in the forefront of research. Their work pays huge dividends with jobs, a higher standard of living, and economic prosperity. No matter how you look at it, this research is a smashing success.



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COUNTING THEIR PENNIES

Life

By Susan McClelland

For the past two years, Margaret has been living a nightmare. That's when the 79-year-old widow, who asked that Margaret not be her real name, and her 52-year-old daughter, Shirley, escaped the horrific world of the homeless. Following a dispute with their then-husband, the two women moved into a motel. But the search for a new apartment they could afford on their total \$1,000-a-month income proved far more difficult than they ever imagined. With their funds dwindling, the two moved out of the motel and into a car. Now 23 months later, they are still living in a 1983 silver Plymouth, constantly shuffling from one parking lot to another along Lakeshore Boulevard in Oakville, Ont.

Margaret, who seldom answers the phone to reports, looks as though she is close to giving up. The sky glowers from ominous, billowing clouds, and few of the strangers who walk right up to the window of the car she and her daughter are taking their toll. The once-a-beat mother of two is quiet,

her cheeks are hollow from the teeth that have fallen out and her skin has turned yellow from malnutrition. "I just want to eat," she says, but only still be a while before the get her wish. Social service agencies and the local housing agency have tried to help. But her daughter—who plans to start a business with this week to protect the lack of affordable housing for the poor and elderly—has objected to many of the agencies' stipulations, such as separating the two of them. Besides, she says, she and her mother just want to live safely in an apartment of their own choosing. "We are not," she insists, "a charity case."

How can this be happening in a country that the United Nations has consistently rated the best place in the world to live? Since the mid-1990s, the economy has been booming, but at the same time, the poor have gotten poorer. And although Margaret's situation is an extreme example, a growing number of the poor are the elderly. The reason is simple: their fixed incomes, mainly pensions and old age security, have not kept up with the rising cost of living, particularly rent and utilities. Making matters worse, the federal government and most provinces have gotten out of the business of building affordable housing. That has prompted critics to call on Ottawa to immediately implement minimal affordable housing programs and develop an action plan to deal with an aging population. "A crisis isn't looming," says Lillian Margenau, president of the Toronto-based Canada's Association for the 50 Plus. "The crisis is already here."

Numbers from various agencies hint at the problem. In Calgary, 334 people over the age of 65 were homeless last year—20 of them over age 65. An estimated 1,400 seniors are on waiting lists for one of the city's 10,500 affordable housing units. In Toronto, 62,000 seniors were among 65,480 people on the city's list for subsidized housing last year. As alarming

as these figures are, experts say they do not tell the whole story. "This population of seniors survived world wars," says Val MacDonald, executive director of British Columbia's Senior Housing Information Program. "Many just aren't ready to let help."

Up until the 1980s, politicians accepted economists' guidelines that Canadians should not spend more than 25 per cent of their gross household incomes on rent. Government was committed to providing housing that met that goal. But during the Mulroney years, the federal government started to cut back on that commitment. Then, when Jean Chretien reached office in 1993, the Liberals cancelled new construction of low-cost dwellings and downgraded responsibility for housing to the provinces and the municipalities. Over the past decade, the majority of them stopped building new non-profit dwellings as well. The result: By 1996, more than 800,000 Canadians spent more than 50 per cent of their gross household incomes on rent.

Governments don't appear poised to jump back into housing anyone soon. When the federal government allocated

based died from a heart attack in November. Now that she receives only a portion of her husband's pension, money is so tight that by month's end she can barely pay her electric bill. Since breaking her hip in January, the 80-year-old has been unable to leave her home, fearing that if she falls again, it might be days before anyone finds her. But when she applied to a retirement home, the discomfited that even if she sold her modest house, she could never afford the \$2,000 a month the home charges. "I am a prisoner in my house," she says. "It's very frightening."

Women like Brownfield tend to be closer to the edge than men because they were more likely to have stayed home and raised kids. As a result, women, who on average receive more by 65 years, have smaller pensions and savings. In fact, according to a recent Statistics Canada report, senior women have an average annual income of \$16,000—\$10,000 less than their male counterparts—the poorest earnings of any age group in Canada. "There are a lot of seniors who can make their payments, but barely," says Grace Bailey of the national non-profit group Canadian Pensioners' Concern. "They live on this line that next year they won't be able to and what will happen then?"

Experts warn the situation will only get worse if change is not implemented soon. In the next 20 years, more than 3.4 million baby boomers will be over age 65—doubling the current population of seniors. "There is a major problem that baby boomers are all different," says Glenn Gorman, a housing expert in Simon Fraser University's Gerontology Research Centre in Burnaby, B.C. "A lot of baby boomers are single-parent seniors. These women will be the starving quarters of the future and we need to be prepared for this."

Sadly, Margaret's story (names have been changed when necessary) is all too common. Once she and her daughter were scraping by, Peeling let down by an Ontario housing tribunal they say didn't listen to their complaints about the land-



MANY SENIORS ARE LIVING IN UNSAFE CONDITIONS OR DIRE POVERTY—and critics say government inaction on key social policies is to blame

\$753 million in December, 1999, to deal with homelessness, it did not see such funds for permanent, low-cost housing. And, critics note, the current Liberal Rent Book housing plan, which would give developers \$15,000 for every rental unit they build, will only lower rents minimally, if at all. "The plan doesn't call for enough units or money for there to be much of an impact," says Jack Layton, a Toronto city councillor and author of the just-published *Homelessness, the Making and Unmaking of a Crisis*. "What we need is a national housing strategy. We see the only democratic country not to have one."

In his book, Layton writes about the alarming increase in so-called relative homelessness—people living in spaces that do not meet basic health and safety standards and who are precariously close to homelessness. Calgary's Johnson Brownfield is typical. Her household income plummeted after her hus-

band died from a heart attack in November. Now that she receives only a portion of her husband's pension, money is so tight that by month's end she can barely pay her electric bill. Since breaking her hip in January, the 80-year-old has been unable to leave her home, fearing that if she falls again, it might be days before anyone finds her. But when she applied to a retirement home, the discomfited that even if she sold her modest house, she could never afford the \$2,000 a month the home charges. "I am a prisoner in my house," she says. "It's very frightening."

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Ann Dowsett Johnston

Survival of the fittest

Last month, as thousands of Ontario students returned from their annual March break, a good proportion had the unhappy experience of finding their bill caps and request for dance caps. Thirty-two per cent of those who took part in the province's Grade 10 literacy test had failed, and as schools starting sending home individual results, the public news became decidedly personal. Boys trudged home with the least share of failure rates only 55 per cent had passed both the reading and writing portions of the test, while 70 per cent of girls succeeded in doing so. And when the school-by-school results were released last week, it was clear that many in less advantaged areas had a higher failure rate than those in more affluent districts. Within certain regions, the gap was enormous: among the 28 secondary schools in Ontario-Carleton District School Board, success rates ranged from a high of 91 per cent to a low of zero. This should come as no surprise: both Statistics Canada and the OECD have published ample evidence that children from poorer families have higher illiteracy and failure rates than their middle-class peers. As American education critic Alfie Kohn quipped, standardized tests are a "remarkably precise method for gauging the size of the houses near the school where the test was administered."

Which raises the question: was this a literacy test or an affluence test? A test of students, a test of the Ontario educational system—or a test of parental commitment? The answer is all of the above. This week, Ontario families are about to be treated to a proud helping of the naming-and-shaming process as the Fraser Institute releases its ranking of 506 high schools in Ontario. And once again, it will come as no surprise to see who tops the top spots. Expect private schools to dominate the top 10, as they do in the B.C. rankings. This ranking is based on, among other things, the percentage of advanced-level courses taken, the percentage of courses passed in Grades 11 to OAC, and the number of core subjects taken in Grade 12.

And hey, just as those rankings come out, Premier Mike Harris is preparing to announce that Ontario parents will be free to send their children to the public school of their choice. This news is conveniently timed: as of this fall, students must pass the literacy test to receive their high-school diploma. All those who are middle class, capable and mobile, who haven't already joined theodus to private schools, will now opt for the best-ranked public school. Meanwhile, those without the means, means or ability to transfer will be left behind. And since the funding formula is based on student numbers, a school with fewer students will offer a more restricted range of programs. The system will be ghettoized: certain schools

will attract negative attention, become derided, and they will not receive. In other words, we're about to play a serious game of Survival of the Fittest.

Let's be clear: there is nothing wrong with testing, or publishing scores. The public deserves to know how students are doing. The process is simple: first you test and report, and then you decide change with sensible intervention and funding. Right? Apparently not. It would seem that Harris has dropped the musical funding trap—a fact that doesn't surprise Michael Fullan, dean of the Ontario Institute for Studies in Education of the University of Toronto and an international authority on education reform. "While most politicians remember the accountability part, they forget about capacity. And if a government doesn't invest in capacity building, the system will eventually undermine schools and ultimately affect society as a whole. Closing the gap between the low performers and the high performers: that's the criterion of success."

Closing the gap is just what Jim Grieve is determined to do. As director of education at the Ontario-Carleton board, he is more than aware that "the scores speak in many ways, to the fortunate circumstances that some students find themselves in—well-served at home, with enrichment in their lives. Other kids come to school with a significant learning deficit." For that reason, his board has identified 20 so-called Reason Schools, ones where children have a high risk of failure for a number of reasons, the primary one being poverty. Working with learning experts Fraser Mustard and Dan O'Riordan, the board has spent three years screening all those who enter senior kindergarten, using an early development index to determine their readiness to learn. Ideally, Grieve would boost teaching resources and funding to the Reason Schools. Instead, he has dedicated the efforts of a school superintendent to help assist principals in the writing of parent proposals. This year, the board has raised more than \$750,000 from the private sector money that has been used to establish a breakfast program, train volunteers in the ESL and literacy programs, bring in literacy experts to help work with staff, and much more.

It's a laudable beginning, and one that will pay off in years to come. But for the moment, I can't help adding if the Ontario government places such a high value on literacy, has been slow to take account of how many school libraries have been eliminated in recent years? Has it succumbed to just how many opportunities for professional development have disappeared? Is anyone correcting the deficit in a large group of teachers who failed through the crack? We call ourselves enlightened, but believe me, enlightened societies do much better by their young.

How can an enlightened society allow its neediest students to fall through the cracks?



WHAT THE CRITICS ARE SAYING ABOUT THE JOLLY TROLLEY.

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Films
Brian D. Johnson

ME AND MS. JONES

A much-awaited chick flick hooks a guy

WEDNESDAY Lucky break at the office: Editor-in-me and said, "I think maybe a chick should review *Bridge, Jones!* Diary." Hee-hee. Editor's a chick so she should know. And this is a chick movie, by a chick director (Sharon Maguire), based on a chick best-seller (by Helen Fielding, who co-wrote the screenplay). So let's get a chick critic, who's read the book, and who can vote about that Gidget or Bridget, or whatever, from a post-chick perspective without using the word "chick" eight times in the first paragraph. Finally, am I relieved? With all this B. Jones business, haven't felt so out of the loop since *Harry Potter*. Besides, which is the fresh angle? Every critic in the land will be using the same gimmick—reviewing the movie in the form of a mock diary.

THURSDAY V. pleased with myself. Now that editor has found chick to review Gidget, am looking forward to typing fiery e-mails to colleagues and dishing too much and wise as media launches for stuff I'll never write about.

FRIDAY Arrgh. Planned to sleep in but was snapped awake by dehydration. Dropped into the 10 a.m. *gross* something of *Bridge, Jones*, just for laughs. Nailed tall, extra-hot, divine, shot, swoon-cent late. Ah. Nothing like the decadent pleasure of watching a romantic comedy in the morning and not having to take notes, or decide what to think. Actually, the movie's n. bad. Bloody good, in fact, at least until the last half-hour when *Renee* Zellweger dishes back and forth between two weaker suaves—Hugh Grant and Colin Firth—then chooses the boring one. *Worrry*.

Loved all the publishing industry stuff. Especially the looser book launch for *Kaffee* Mowbray with cameo by Susan Sarandon, Julian Morris and Jeffrey Archer. Grant's good as Daniel, Bridget's roughy boss, who advises her by e-mail. Grant has finally stopped the numbing schoolboy routine and put self-consciousness to better use as good-natured loathing. Says him.

Zellweger's from Texas but has the Brit accent down so well she just melts into the film you stop worrying that she's going to screw it up. She's like Gwyneth Paltrow in *Shakespeare in Love* and *Shakespeare in Love*. Not like Kevin Costner as Robin Hood. Some actors can do accents some can't. Guess that's why they call it acting.

MONDAY Paper full of B. Jones. You'd think the Brits would be starved to see all these Yanks understanding them. But they're taken as Zellweger like cats to warm custard. When she worked at a London publishing house to prepare for the role, her co-workers were so under-a-rock they didn't even recognize her. Of course, she did put on 20 lb. for the part.



Zellweger is today's Everywoman. Grant makes a terrific dad



Not enough to make her look ugly, just weird. In the movie, she's cute without being plain. Self-deprecating and quipily all at once, with those scrunched-up eyes that look like they could cry or laugh at a moment's notice.

Maybe Zellweger is the *Realist* Tom Hanks, the Everywoman that Meg Ryan could never be (too evenly cut). Women like Zellweger because they can empathize with her and don't not *seem* beautiful. Men like her because, since *Jerry Maguire*, she's played the kind of woman who is, well, available—the dis-mom-dad who runs out to be trussed and hoisted than the *seems*.

TUESDAY Huzzah. Spoiler to chick who's reviewing the movie. She had a complicated reaction. Didn't like how the film romanticized Bridget's whole "self-loathing" thing—and loathed herself for not liking it. She also found it hard to believe Bridget could be so smart and stupid at the same time. But what really bugged her is that Zellweger put on 20 lb. without looking like a hog.

"You can't see my cellulite. She must have put it all on her breasts."

"Well, cellulite takes time," I said, which didn't help.

Tried to change subject, and asked her how the film compared with the book. She said it was v. faithful, and talked about *in-joke* of casting Colin Firth as Mark Darcy—Firth starred in *Pride and Prejudice* on the sly, and in the book Bridget always moaning over some scene of Firth missing half naked from the water. Plus, Fielding's novel is a *Pride* and *Prejudice* remake-up. All v. post-chick.

WEDNESDAY Amused calls in sick, which seems v. Bridget. Offer to punch-lit review. Hate it is *B. Jones* v. *Harry*, but may not be chick movie after all.

Rails of reconciliation

If history teaches anything, it's that there's no such thing as a pure culture. All cultures are the product of earlier cultures mixing, changing each other, producing something new. This makes Canadian experiences in multiculturalism fascinating to watch. What kind of culture will our blend of people from many lands create? Already there are some powerful hints of what the future might look like, including a new opera called *Iron Road*. The music is by Chan Ka Nin, a Chinese-Canadian who arrived in Canada from Hong Kong 36 years ago, when he was 15. The libretto is by Mark Browne, who can trace his roots to the United Empire Loyalists. The two tell the story of the Canadian Pacific Railway's excursion to the West Coast in the 1880s, mainly

from the perspective of the thousands of Chinese labourers who asked their lives to drive the great project through the Rocky Mountains. Tapestry New Opera Works is mounting the show at Toronto's Elgin Theatre from April 19 to 28, the Vancouver Opera and companies in Singapore and Hong Kong have expressed interest.

Sitting by the expansive bay window in the living room of Chan's Toronto house, composer and librettist could hardly be more different. Chan's slightly built, deferential and so soft-spoken he is sometimes difficult to hear. Browne, 60, gestures energetically with big hands while his associate business-

devels eloquently over the four years of his association with Chan. Despite the occasional hesitation, the two perform the intricate web-work of cross-cultural relations with easy good humour.

Chan first got the idea for *Iron Road* 16 years ago. The University of Toronto music professor was conducting a Chinese-Canadian choir when one of its members told him about the critical role of Chinese immigrant workers in the trans-Canada railway story. He also learned that no women were allowed in that role.

"That provided a trigger for the idea that a woman would be my main character," he says. "I would have her dream in a myth, which isn't all that unusual in opera." And so the character of Lai Guan was born: the young Chinese woman who journeys in disguise to teach for her father in the railway construction company to



Chan and Browne bridged cultures to create their opera

fall in love with a Caucasian foreman. "That isn't the sort of story I would normally write," confesses Browne, the self-described author of "horset plays" about sports figures such as Wayne Gretzky. Besides acknowledging himself to opera melodramatic style, Browne got a crash course in the differences between Chinese and Caucasian sensibilities. "Writing *Iron Road*

was like crossing a minefield," he says. "Every word had consequences. For example, what we call the East is really an old European concept. Is the Chinese, we in Canada are the East." To give the opera a symbolic basis, Browne borrowed from the Taoist notion of five elements (water, earth, fire, metal and wood). But a Chinese-Canadian member of the 30 strong

choir pointed out he had used only three of the five, and that this, according to Taoist teachings, would produce disharmony. With the singer's help, Browne straightened out his scheme.

Chan found his own learning curve. Not entirely a master of idiomatic English, he found himself punning over phrases of Browne's such as "We don't have time." Laughing Chan: "I kept wondering, 'We don't have long what?'" In fact, a third of Browne's libretto has been translated into Cantonese. Chan's score, meanwhile, includes both Western and Chinese musical styles. At times, some drama and symphonic light wood blocks and gongs, mirroring the conflicts between North Americans and Chinese. "There's a sort of battle of the bands," Chan says, "but then near the climax I purposefully draw all the themes together. It's the human spirit that wins out at the end!"

John Boswell



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Disgraceful
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Music

the single of music that Britain's *Mix* magazine has called "satisfyingly impressive."

Workman's debut album, 1999's *For Him and the Gods*, was acclaim for its eclectic blend of glam rock and country-tinged numbers. His latest (*Last Night R'n'W*) *The Delirious Wiles*, is likely to earn even greater accolades. Full of soaring songs about love and lust, from the provocative rock of *Sequester*, the smooth first single, to the dizzying chorus of *Your Beauty Must Be Rubbing Off* and the swaying cadence of *Jessie of Your Cigarettes*, it is more eccentric yet oddly more accessible than its predecessor. As if that weren't enough, the hyperactive artist also produces other musicians (Jaggs and Sara, The Cash Brothers, Sarah Slean) and is about to become an author. Before his current 11-city Canadian tour concludes on May 5, Torontonian Gower Press will publish Workman's collection of love letters, *Handily Here for Ladies*, complete with erotic penmanship by his mother.

Ladies doesn't actually exist. Workman invented her as his fictional muse, much the same way he created his stage persona by adopting his maternal grandfather's surname (Howley) and his maternal grandmother's maiden name (Workman). "I spent a good chunk of my life being hung up about sex and the way I looked," explains Workman in an one-and

HAWKSLEY'S MOXIE

Is Hawksley Workman too good to be true? At 26, the Canadian singer-songwriter has already downed comparisons to figures like David Bowie and Tim White—for two self-produced albums on which he wrote all the songs and played virtually every instrument. London's influential *Time Out* magazine has called him "quite possibly the coolest thing to come out of Canada." His performance—during the celebrity event with shrunken ornaments—have elicited the sort of reviews usually reserved for rock royalty. Then there's his wildly improbable name. Is it something he lifted out of Dickens, or from an old travelling medicine show? Until recently, Workman went by his first name, but in 1999 with his pseudonym love letters to a woman named Isadora, published in the personal ads of two Toronto weeklies. Details about his life were scarce and embellished—like the biography that had him performing for the top dance academy where he had worked as a coveat, a fiction that was reprinted as fact in the British press.

Not surprisingly, that teasing has prompted closer scrutiny. Recently, *Nova*, one of the Toronto papers where his letters appeared, ran a cover story on Workman—whose real name is Ryan Jennings—billed as "the untold story of Canada's next big thing." Through interviews with his high-school guidance counselor and others, the article attempted to strip away the facade—like Tom pulling back the curtain in *The Wizard of Oz*—to reveal Workman's roots in Hamsville, Ont., 215 km south of Toronto. While the story dispelled some of the mythology, it did nothing to diminish

Is this
eccentric
artist the
coolest
Canuck
yet?

Toronto café. "I wasn't alone, but I was the heavy kid in the class. And I was afraid that everything I was thinking about was perceived as weird." Does he mind that some journalists have blown his cover? "I find it funny that people think I'm in the red and mainstreamed this covering desperation, when all I've done is come up with a vehicle for expression. It's as simple as that."

Well, not quite. It could be that Workman—the first of two sons born to Jeff Workman, a full Canada musician, and artist and former hairdresser Beverly Hawksley—also worried that his humble Hamsville background was too mundane for the pop world. Yet his real biography is far from boring. After learning to play percussion from his father, a weekend drummer in local bands, Ryan excelled in music and theatre, performing in various groups and stage productions. His mother, who now does all the artwork for his T-shirt merchandise and designed the nude silhouette logo for his label, Isadora Records, recalls that Ryan always had a strong presence. "He gave off an energy that made people view him as slightly unusual," she says. "But he knew from the age of 12 that he wanted to be a musician, and I've been amazed at his consistent focus and rule-taking. One of his Grade 6 teachers wrote on his report card: 'Never lose the desire to be different.' And he never has."

Nicholas Jennings

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Television

Titans in soft focus

By Joe Chidley

What characterizes Peter C. Newman as Canada's pre-eminent chronicler of power is his ambiguity. In the three-book exploration of business elites that ended with *Titans: How the New Canadian Establishment Seized Power* (Penguin, 1998), and in his columns for *Newsweek*, which often are of the "I dropped in on such-and-such Minister of the Uniservice the other day" variety, Newman manages to be both biting and loving at the same time. At the heart of his approach is his ability to give the impression that he is at once part of the social group he writes about and a part of it, a compassionate insider who maintains an outsider's point of view. He is the Jeff Goodall of Canadian rich, and a less than say the darndest things in the name of financial anthropology. Who but Newman could so would describe Oxy's CEO Geary Schwartz as "a Jew bearded with a Presbyterian conscience?"

It would be nice if there were more of that cheek in *Titans* the TV series, four one-hour shows premiering this week on Global. *Titans* profiles more than 20 of the country's movers and shakers, including cable and media mogul Ted

Rogers (owner of *Maclean's*), Bay Street financier Scott Peterson and Nortel Networks CEO John Roth. It's a tall task—and the result is disjointed, as the show riffs through shallow biographies. Even the strongest elements—the one-on-one interviews with the stars—often come across as self-serving, and the series lingers around the controversies that surround many of its subjects.

Of course there's nothing wrong with being rich, but there is something wrong with an exploration of rich people's lives that

Peter C. Newman's lively book is turned into hagiography

descends into hagiography. The film episode is the weakest, precisely because it relies on banal chattering about what makes today's "titans"—a word repeated ad nauseam in the show, in an apparent attempt to infuse it with profundity—so exceptional. Seems that hard work is a factor (no surprise there), as are networking and audacity ("the strength to bounce back from deflating failure," as the voice-over puts it). Evidence of Schwartz's mendacity, for instance, can be found not only in his philosophical attitude towards his long bid for Air Canada, but also in his come-from-behind ability to turn, as

The hard questions were avoided in interviews with Roth and his fellow tycoons

revealed in a friend's uncharacteristic anecdote.

Much of *Titans* operates on that superficial level. With rare exceptions—the profiles of Rogers and French-fry king Harmon MacLean—the viewer is left to wonder about such details as how these guys built or ran their businesses, who helped them, and what enemies they made along the way. Peter Murkl's colourful and varied career—he dabbled in consumer electronics,

fixes cars and oil and gas before settling on gold and real estate in the 1980s and 1990s—is given short shrift; instead, we get shots of him dining in Europe. Or take CanWest Global founder Roy August's public feud with movie-maker Robert Lantos over Canadian content on Global. There's no mention of it in that episode, even as it profiles both men as "titans of media."

In general—maybe as a trade-off for that great success—*Titans* is far too apologetic for its subjects. Some mention is made of 37-year-old health-care financier missing a lot of lawsuits and regulations, but the show writes his troubles off to Bay Street's old guard wanting to take the new fast down a notch. And while 75-year-old Nortel Networks' current woes—in shares are down 79 per cent since January—are apologetic, they are just a

part of a general media downspin. Legitimate questions about Nortel and about Roth's disclosure of financial information are left unasked and unanswered. Maybe that points to the reason *Titans* is such a disappointment: the material—both Newman's book and the complex, compelling people who comprise Canada's media elite—is so much better than the show's flat and predictable delivery. As it wraps, *Titans* seems mistaken; it could just as easily have been called *Love of the Game*.

Joe Chidley is the editor of Canadian Business magazine.

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Allan Fotheringham

The royal screwups

We are of course approaching the Summer Silly Season, a well-known reality of the journalistic profession. Goodwill Day, with his profile worthy of Buster Keaton, provides the major amusement, challenged only by the news that Prince Charles is advised to wipe his feet before he is allowed into his bakery of Canada on April 25 for a six-day visit.

Others go further: have ordered that Bush House make use of the rapidly aging former King of England steps away from his British career and other farms before sending our cash. The State is providing enough of the endemic face-in-mouth disease what we do not need is an invasion of the face-and-mouth epidemic sweeping Merrie England.

Chic and elegant, not only being advised not to bring any of their own loads with them (what, no martini or bubble and squeak?), have been told the Canadian taxpayers—at \$6,800 an hour—will send our own VIP Airbus 001 for the 16-hour, \$100,000 round trip to and from Heathrow, and the Royal Northampton will be required to bring only freshly laundered clothes and will have to walk through a disinfectant area beside the tarmac when she alights in Ottawa.

Unwashed, but while we're at it, why don't those major belts on Parliament Hill get it all done at once. Announce to HRN that he will be welcome back in his colony the next time only when he has dispensed with the other nonsense that has lured longer than mad-cow disease.

Let us be tossed from the medieval claspnet of the Wind-sors across the pond, who have nothing to do with Canada 2001 other than sending, like teenagers going to camp, some of their nation's resources who have nothing else to do but put the hands of Girl Guides and open hospitals. We know, already, the supposed statistics that in North America some 50 per cent of marriages are ending in divorce.

What do we have to learn from the rebels, where Her Majesty's screwed-up family has proudly suggested that with a 75-per-cent record—three of the four children disowned with the fourth hanging in there only by the loose rearing of the Countess of Wessex, the who can't tell an Anbion death from a gay wearing fake nose and glasses like Groucho Marx?



The Belgians used to exploit the riches of the Belgian Congo. They are no longer there. At the Battle of Dien Bien Phu, the Vietnamese expelled the colonial power France, and eventually whipped the Yanks because of the campus protests of their children. The Dutch East Indians are no longer Dutch. The Spaniards no longer rule Mexico, as the Portuguese surrendered what is now Brazil, while the language remained.

When we met last young, you and I Maggie, the map on our schoolroom was mostly painted pink. Winston Churchill, after becoming prime minister, declared that he did not plan to preside over the dawn of the British Empire. He didn't, but he broke up anyway. India went, and now it's the most populous democracy on the planet. The Gold Coast went and became Ghana. Rhodesia is now the sad and despondent Zimbabwe—proof of the colored Reins are pressing these capable of understanding the principle of responsible government. Kenya, after the vicious Mau Mau Rebellion, went too. South Africa, left too long under the Boers' spiritual, now departs Mandela has one of the worst crime rates in the universe.

And penny-faced Cans die? Well—best country in the world according to United Nations stats—will have cash currency the face of a nice lady who lives across a large ocean. How to figure? As if the royal coat could take a hint. Our dollar is now a loonie, which hints a Lo! It's not Back House that is to blame. It is the wuss politicians in Ottawa who haven't the courage to face the obvious as our population grows increasingly Asian, like Anglo-Saxons, less-connected to the Winifreds who changed their name from the German.

Australia, younger but braver than Canada, has already had its first— a skewed referendum with language toward like the last Quebec secession question—stronger at becoming a republic that will undoubtedly succeed on the second. Canadians don't have the guts to have leaders who have the guts to do the obvious. Pierre Trudeau tried to signify the obvious when he did his celebrated pronouncement behind the Queen's back, and did down the barometer at Macdonough House.

India and Kenya and the rest are still members of the Commonwealth and sit down with Good Queen Beza every two years and have their pectans tick. All Canada needs is one leader who has the balls to do what other colonies have done. Don't hold your breath.

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LifeCrisis

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